

The  
Quarto



An illu-  
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Quarter-  
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With the Editors compliments  
J. Bernard Holborn  
21<sup>st</sup> Jan 1897.







# THE·QUARTO



AN·ARTISTIC  
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THE SALUTATION  
OF BEATRICE.  
DANTE GABRI-  
EL ROSSETTI.

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IT has not been found practicable to issue the second number of "THE QUARTO" as speedily as was originally intended; but our readers who are contented to receive their *Fortnightly* once a month may perhaps be reconciled to the appearance of this "quarterly" twice a year, and if the second number follows the first *longo intervallo* in respect of time, we trust it will be otherwise in respect of merit.

We have, through the kindness of Mr. Thomson, of the Goupil Gallery, been enabled to present our readers with the beautiful frontispiece, after Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and we hope to give the companion panel as the frontispiece of the next number. Mr. Hollyer has kindly allowed us to reproduce from his excellent photographs, as the original picture is, we believe, on its way to America.

In addition to the frontispiece, this number contains an exquisite etching, for which we are greatly indebted to Mr. D. Y. Cameron, who has allowed us to print from the original copper; and Mr. Joseph Pennell, who so generously contributed to our first number, has again



earned our gratitude by permitting us to print an edition of his lithograph from the stone itself.

We have endeavoured, as far as possible, to make the second number more attractive than the first, and we hope that such slight improvements as the titles to drawings will meet with our readers' approval.

The cordial reception granted to the previous volume makes us wish to preserve a continuance of the almost unbroken chorus of approval that greeted our first venture. For the friendly criticisms made we have only thanks to offer, and if one or two were neither friendly nor wise, we hope "by well-doing to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

We have, through the courtesy of our publishers, been able to print from one of the early wood blocks of Sir John Millais, P.R.A.; and to Prof. Frederick Brown we are indebted for the illustration by the late Frank Potter.

And we must not conclude our preface without rendering our heartiest thanks to—

PROF. FREDERICK BROWN.

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J. BERNARD HOLBORN.



HE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

SIR JOHN EVERETT

MILLAIS, BT., P.R.A.











## WINIFRED MATTHEWS.



THE death of Miss Winifred Matthews, at the early age of twenty years and nine months, should not be allowed to pass without some expression of the regret and disappointment of her teachers and fellow-students at the abrupt closing of a life so full of promise and so remarkable on the score of performance. No more fitting place than the pages of a magazine conducted by the students of the Slade School could be found for the expression of this sentiment, and some endeavour to give a sketch of her career and an appreciation of her talents. Confident that any attempt, however imperfect, to illustrate her work will be welcomed by all who knew her, it is hoped that (while written for the art student) it may not be without interest for the still larger public to whom this magazine makes its appeal.

The Matthews family migrated to town some seven or eight years ago, and Winifred, who had from a quite early period shown signs of talent, was sent, with two of her sisters, to attend the evening classes of the Westminster School of Art, of which at the time the writer of this notice was master. She was then fourteen years of age, slight of figure, and in temperament shy and reserved; as, indeed, with some modification, she remained to the end of her life.



No detailed account of her character is required in this place; suffice it to say that there was nothing in her nature either morbid or hysterical. Though not without consciousness of her talent, she never went out of her way to proclaim it. She possessed a cool and penetrating judgment, and a certain "aloofness" which enabled her to note with precision the emotion and habits of the "human," much as a naturalist might study those of some specimen of the insect world. She seems to have revealed herself thoroughly to very few, but by her personal qualities and talent drew around her a circle of admirers who, curiously enough, were, without exception, her elders.

It is curious in the light of after development that the earliest efforts of her childish talents were directed to the representation of cherub-faced children, whose large eyes and small mouths are of the type usually depicted by young girls with some talent for drawing. They are not, however, without some evidence of the unusual gifts which later on developed to such a remarkable degree.

In one instance the young artist composes and illustrates in one volume of four pages the history and unhappy end of a pea-shooter, in which she shows her detestation of that boyish instrument of torture so terrible to young girls by consigning it to the flames.

Being of an observant turn of mind, this pretty idealism soon gave way to realism of a very pronounced character, which found expression in the portrayal of such incidents and types as she saw on her way to and from the school in the slums through which her attendance there obliged her to pass. There she seems to have first made the acquaintance of one of her most successful studies, the London coster girl, whose fringe of hair and tawdry extravagant hat with voluminous feather were rendered with perfect appreciation.

This habitual passing through the poorer districts of London seems to have made a lasting impression upon her mind, and subjects drawn from the occupations and amusements of the poor, especially the children, retained an almost exclusive hold upon her until the time of her death. It may be observed that in choosing her subjects she carefully avoided those scenes of brutality or vice of which she must have seen many evidences, choosing only such as appealed to her sense of humour and humanity.







There may, however, be occasionally found a curious cynicism or deep insight, as when, in a sketch of a Socialist gathering she had witnessed on one of the commons or parks of London, she depicts the frenzied excitement of the orator as unmistakably allied to madness: the face and figure of the man forming a decidedly striking realisation hardly to be expected from one so young.

This early acquaintance with the slums, perhaps, enables us to account for one of her least happy peculiarities, which was a marked fondness for, or at any rate keen interest in, the ugly and grotesque, though it would not be difficult to find instances of an appreciation of higher types of beauty; instances which increased in number with the development of her taste and power of drawing. This peculiarity was no doubt an expression of that faculty for caricature which was another of her characteristics, and in the display of which she was impartial to friend or foe (and, indeed, she was not less sparing of herself).

This habit of caricature had at one time so grown upon her that she declared that everything she looked upon appeared but a caricature: it is strong evidence of her force of will that no sooner had she realised the danger of this peculiar habit of mind than she determined to conquer it: and with her to determine meant to succeed. Miss Matthews was certainly possessed of an independence of thought that took very little for granted; of an originality of mind which gave a new interest to whatever she touched, while her observation was so keen that nothing seemed to elude it within the range of the subjects she selected. Short of a perusal of her sketch books, nothing could give an adequate idea of the extent and variety of her powers of observation, or of the assiduity and determination with which she endeavoured to put upon paper some type or movement which had interested her: of most frequent occurrence is the attempt to depict the peculiar actions of women carrying, nursing, or playing with children. The greatest achievement was, perhaps, the depicting of children, and marvellous in their truth and variety are these specimens of her talent.

It should be mentioned that these drawings of children, some of which are reproduced here, are the results chiefly of her power of drawing from memory. She was in the habit of wandering through the fringes of the crowds

frequently to be found in park or common, and committing to her sketch-book rapid jottings of whatever interested her there; the nights at home being frequently spent in repeating these sketches, while adding something that had eluded her at the moment, but which she was able to supply from the stores of her memory.

It was from this material that she carried out the few water-colour drawings executed by her, the colouring being added from recollection. Her use of this medium shows simplicity of effect, considerable powers of generalization, and a novel and ingenious adaptation of means to end.

Only one of these paintings seems to have been publicly exhibited, a study of a "Coster Girl standing at her Stall," finding its way on to the walls in an exhibition of the pictures of the New English Art Club at the Dudley Art Gallery.

During the last few months of her life she voluntarily commenced an attempt to illustrate Dickens, with whose writings I imagine she felt herself much in sympathy. These drawings were prepared with a view to obtain work from the publishers of some of the numerous illustrated magazines, and in one of her letters from the country she refers to her return to town, and alludes pathetically to the distaste with which she anticipates those dreadful interviews with editors, few of whom would possess sufficient knowledge of art to appreciate so curious a talent; at any rate, she seems to have met with ignorant criticism, or a want of sympathy which her sensitive nature found hard to bear. So far as I know only two small illustrations of hers have appeared, and these in one of the many minor magazines issued by Messrs. Cassell & Co., whose Art Editor, Mr. Bale, seems to have recognised her talent.

This same letter, while expressing a keen appreciation of the beauty of the country, yet emphatically expresses her joy at the prospect of returning to those squares, streets, and parks of London where she was convinced lay her real work. This estimate of herself is one with which all who know her work will entirely agree.

How rarely do artists at this early age so completely "find themselves," the majority being content with attaching themselves to the tail of some movement, or the humble imitators of some well-known artist.

One of the illustrations to Dickens, referred to above, is reproduced







here, and readers can judge for themselves how far she succeeded in conveying the spirit of the writer ; at any rate few, I think, will deny the quaintness and charm of the two children.

In examining this illustration, it should be borne in mind that it is executed in a medium with which she was little familiar, a medium moreover not too well adapted to the display of the finer qualities of drawing, such as may be seen in the reproduction of hands from pencil sketches.



Than these it would be difficult to imagine anything more gracefully and truthfully drawn ; indeed I venture to think they remind one not unworthily of that elegant draughtsman, Watteau.

Again, observe the minute drawing of the little child reproduced from one of the leaves of a sketch-book ; could anything of its kind be more perfect ?

Other drawings there are consisting of a few sweeping lines masterly in style and expressiveness.

Speaking generally of them, it may be said that in few instances do they represent a "set pose"; everywhere there is character and vitality, nothing dull, nothing inanimate, and nothing, I may add, academical.

It might not be out of place here to remark that the excessive length of time usually expended on shading from inanimate casts is a fatal impediment to the full development of a real sense of drawing, which can best be cultivated by a system of incessant and repeated studies, ignoring the mere surface, and endeavouring only to express those qualities of character, proportion, and movement which are the essence of drawing.

Under such a system was Winifred Matthews educated; under it her natural talents had free play, and produced results which under the circumstances are truly notable.

It is a source of satisfaction to her teachers that the long training she went through, so far from hampering the free expression of her individuality served only to increase her powers and eliminate such elements as might have proved a source of weakness in the further growth of her talent. It is also a deep disappointment to them that a capacity so unique, based upon so much force of character, and aided by long and severe application, should be so untimely blotted out.

To some readers this estimate of her work may seem exaggerated; it is nevertheless as impartial a one as I am capable of forming, and is based upon an acquaintance with almost every scrap of paper upon which she has recorded her impressions or elaborated her ideas.

For me there is more of real art in many of these pencil drawings than in most of the properly-called "Pictures of the Year," which annually excite the admiration of the newspaper critics who may, with few exceptions, be confidently relied upon to overlook any real manifestation of talent until it has been discovered for them by others.

The death of Miss Winifred Matthews is not only pathetic in its personal aspect, but a loss to art, and with her has passed away a truly original mind.

FREDK. BROWN.







## SIDNEY LANIER AND HIS POETRY.



THE knowledge of most English folk in relation to American poets does not go beyond some half-dozen names, such as Bryant Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, and Poe. These works, however, form but a few sheaves of a rich harvest. But although the knowledge of our countrymen is for the most part limited to the names I have mentioned, yet I have found here and there a dim sort of feeling that America had in the person of Sidney

Lanier a poet of exceptional originality and beauty, a feeling accompanied usually with little or no knowledge of his career and work. I do not know how this feeling arose; probably from an article in the *Spectator*, which asserted that no poetry so original had appeared for the last thirty years, either in this country or across the Atlantic. That was a rather large statement, but every now and then we meet with such in that periodical; still in this case it is not without foundation in truth, for when I sent certain of his poems to a friend, himself no mean poet and critic, his comment was "a true and original genius"; but to show the uncertainty which attaches to criticism of poetry, when I sent the same poems to another well-known critic, who to my sorrow has passed away—himself a *Spectator* reviewer, by the way—his comment was, "if a genius, one with a peculiar intellectual twist." Had Lanier's poems fallen into his hands a very different review would have been the result, and Lanier's name would probably not have gained the dim sort of renown in England to which I have already referred. The *Spectator* has sometimes started books that have not stood the test of time on a successful career—like the first from the pen of Professor Henry Drummond—a book the positions maintained in which he has since abandoned; but in the case of Lanier it started a reputation in this country which has stood the test of time, and



which fuller acquaintance will probably only enlarge. Proof of this may be found in the fact that Lanier's work *has* so commended itself to Mr. Robert Bridges that he is anxious for a cheap popular edition to appear in England; whilst Mr. W. R. Thayer describes him as the most significant figure in American literature since the Civil War.

I will try to meet the desire that has been quickened for fuller knowledge of the man and his work.

Of no poet has it been more true, "He learnt in suffering what he taught in song." A more chequered career, or one more marked by anxiety and suffering, I cannot call to mind. In this respect he differs from most of the well-known American poets to whom the lines fell in pleasant places.

The peculiar features which mark his character and work are largely traceable to his ancestry. His earliest known ancestor, Jerome Lanier, was a Huguenot refugee, who had become attached to Queen Elizabeth's court, most likely as a musical composer. His son, Nicholas, was director of music, painter and political envoy under James I. and Charles I., whilst his son, of the same name, discharged similar duties under Charles II. Of the elder Nicholas, Van Dyck painted a portrait, which was sold among the other effects of Charles I. The Laniers were prominent in the "Society of Musicians for the improvement of the science and the interest of its professors," incorporated at the Restoration; the younger Nicholas being its first marshal. Another Lanier, Sir John, a major-general, fought at the Battle of the Boyne, and, along with the brave Douglas, fell at Steinkirk. The American branch of the family was started in 1716 by Thomas Lanier, who then settled, with other colonists, in Virginia on a grant of land ten miles square on which Richmond now stands. One of the Laniers married an aunt of George Washington.

Sidney's father was Robert S. Lanier, a lawyer in Macon, Georgia. His mother, Mary Anderson, of Scotch descent, belonged to a family which had settled in Virginia, and given many members to the House of Burgesses in that county—a family, many of whom were noted for skill in poetry, music, and oratory. Sidney Lanier, therefore, was the choice flower of a plant which through many generations had been slowly growing in power.

He was born at Macon on February 3rd, 1842. Nature probably

intended him for a musician, since with little or no instruction he taught himself, whilst yet a boy, to play on every instrument that came in his way: the flute, organ, piano, violin, guitar, and banjo. The violin, above all other instruments, fascinated and even dominated him, "so that during his college days he would sink from his solitary music-worship into a deep trance, thence to awake, alone, on the floor of his room sorely shaken in nerve." This led his father, who feared the effect of the violin on his sensitive nature, to urge him to make the flute his special instrument. It is said that even from the flute he used to evoke strains singularly violin-like in their tones. His parents did their best to dissuade him from making music his profession; and thus America probably lost a great composer, of which, as yet, she has had scarcely a single great example.

When he reached the age of fourteen, he entered Oglethorpe College, in Georgia; four years later he graduated with high honours, and was at once appointed to a tutorship—a post he held till the outbreak of the war put an end to the college. He had come to realise his power in the direction of music. In his college note book he wrote—"I am more than all perplexed by this fact, that the prime inclination, that is natural bent (which I have checked though) of my nature is to music; and for that I have the greatest talent; indeed, not boasting, for God gave it me, I have an extraordinary musical talent, and feel it within me plainly, that I could rise as high as any composer. But I cannot bring myself to believe that I was intended for a musician, because it seems so small a business in comparison with other things, which, it seems to me, I might do. Question here, what is the province of music in the economy of the world?" I have hesitated to quote these words from fear that they may prejudice Lanier in the eyes of some readers; but let it not be forgotten that these words were never intended for the public eye. They are a youth's controversy with himself—a youth conscious of exceptional endowments in the way of music—a consciousness well grounded in fact, since in him had come to a climax the musical gifts and tendencies of many generations, and of more than one race. There is an egotism that is false; but there is also one that is true, which is only the grateful acknowledgment of a heaven-conferred gift, slowly developed through many lives. This is the egotism—which, expressed or unexpressed, is found in most whom the world has recognised as men of genius.



But that awful Civil War not only made all thought of music as a pursuit impossible ; but was responsible for that broken health, which probably made the work Lanier did less complete than it otherwise would have been, —fine as much of it is—and brought to a too early end a career which might have placed him amongst the great poets or musicians of the world.

That great war drew out another early manifested taste. “As a small boy he had raised a company of boys, armed with bows and arrows, and so well did he drill them, that an honoured place was granted them in the military parade of their elders.” No wonder, therefore, that he threw himself with all his ardour into the great conflict, and continued to serve till the last year of the war. A sign of the tenderness of his nature is here revealed by the fact, that three times he was offered promotion from the ranks, but refused, since it would have separated him from his younger brother, who was also a private in the same regiment. He was engaged in some of the severest fighting of the war, to the hardships and exposures of which were due the disease, which shadowed, and at last ended his life. Near the close of the war he was exchanged, with his flute, from which he was never parted, and which beguiled his five month’s imprisonment in Point Look-out. He returned to his home in Georgia with his beloved flute, the twenty-dollar gold piece he had in his pocket when captured, and a few little effects. Six weeks of acute illness followed, out of which he came with one lung permanently injured. Out-door life with an uncle at Point Clear brought some relief; but ever afterwards his way was hindered by constantly recurring weakness. Just as he became fairly started on any course of employment, he had to fly for health to a more congenial climate. At one time we find him engaged as a clerk, then managing a school, then practising as an attorney, then writing for the press, then first flute in an orchestra. During the time he had charge of an academy at Prattville, he was married (December, 1867) to Mary Day, daughter of Charles Day, of Macon, the devoted wife by whom the feelings expressed in some of his poems were quickened. But amid all changes there persisted the consciousness of a higher vocation, for which nature had fitted him. He was like a lark held to the earth, whose wings fitted him for cleaving the air, where alone he could give forth his fullest and richest song. Oh! that some one of those wealthy men, of whom America has had so many, had come



along and provided him with the means needed to set him free from the anxiety for daily bread, so that he might have given the world the verse and music of which his nature was capable. America might then have had on her record a great composer. Perhaps some day the millionaires will learn that help to stricken genius, is as great and necessary a work as founding libraries or endowing colleges.

Space will not permit me to follow him in his flight from place to place, to find air in which he could breathe; or in the weary struggle to gain support by his pen for the wants of his wife and children. It makes one's heart ache to read his letters, buoyant though they are in tone, but which tell the sad story of his effort at once to keep alive, and yet provide for his dear ones. Amid all, the master passion for music and poetry asserted itself, and drew him upward. His father would have had him settle at Macon, and join in his practice as an attorney; for a time he yielded, but it was a case of Pegasus yoked to a plough, and could not last.

In 1873, he accepted an engagement as first flute player in the Peabody Concerts at Baltimore. This was fully to his mind. From here he wrote to his wife:—

“So many great ideas for art are born to me each day, I am swept away into the land of All-Delight, by their strenuous sweet whirlwind; and I find within myself such entire, yet humble, confidence of possessing every single element of power to carry them all out, save the little paltry sum of money that would suffice to keep us clothed and fed in the meantime. I do not understand this.” Let it not be thought that he dwelt in the airy transcendental region in which many of his poetical nature do. He was a hard student of Anglo-Saxon and early English literature, especially of its poetry; from which he drew material for the lectures he afterwards delivered in John's Hopkins University, on “The Science of English Verse.”

The first poem which brought him under public notice was “Corn,” first issued in *Lippincott's Magazine*. Recognition came first from Mr. Gibson Peacock, editor of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, who afterwards became one of his closest friends, and to whom the letters published in the *Atlantic Monthly* were addressed. Through him, his work was brought under the notice of Bayard Taylor, who suggested that he should write the words of the Cantata, for the opening of the Centennial Exposition,

at Philadelphia. This gave him an opportunity of showing what he held to be the true relationship of poetry and music. The words, however, were judged by many apart from the music, and so were criticised adversely. One American paper described the text of his Cantata as like "a communication from the spirit of Nat Lee, through a Bedlamite medium." But he held to his theory of the relation of words to music, which was amply justified, when his verses were wedded to their music. Of the criticism with which his verses were met he wrote in the following vigorous terms:—"What possible claim can contemporary criticism set up to respect—that criticism which crucified Jesus Christ, stoned Stephen, hooted Paul for a madman, tried Luther for a criminal, tortured Galileo, bound Columbus in chains, drove Dante into a hell of exile, made Shakespeare write the sonnet, 'When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,' kept Samuel Johnson cooling his heels on Lord Chesterfield's doorstep, reviled Shelley as an unclean dog, killed Keats, cracked jokes on Glück, Schubert, Beethoven, Berlioz, and Wagner, and committed so many other impious follies and stupidities, that a thousand letters like this could not suffice even to catalogue them?"

Thus he met the criticism of an age which did not understand him. He had not as yet created, as every poet has had to, his own public. But as time went on, and one poem after another saw the light, the discerning began to see that one of the freshest and most original of poets had arisen in the land.

In 1880 his disease grew more acute. In the May of that year the fever which at last consumed him arose. As winter came on, the struggle for life became more intense. To strengthen himself for his second course of lectures at John's Hopkins University, he tried living in the open air, but this hindered rather than helped his recovery. Still he bravely attempted his work, and actually gave twelve out of twenty lectures on "The English Novel." Some of these he was too weak to write, and was compelled to dictate to his wife, and delivered them when he ought rather to have been in bed. His students listened with the fear whether his breath would hold out to the end of the hour. These lectures were such a conspicuous success that after his death John's Hopkins University erected a memorial tablet to his memory, of which it is now so proud. In December

of this year, with his temperature standing at 104 degrees, he wrote with a pencil his last poem, "Sunrise,"—one of the seven called "Hymns of the Marshes,"—upon the completion of which his heart was set, and which he feared he would not live to finish.

Still he did not give up hope or effort. In the spring of the next year, 1881, he tried the experiment of camping out; a site was chosen three miles from Asheville, on the side of Richmond Hill. Here, in tents pitched and floored, with his wife as nurse, he lived till July. No improvement appeared, and he started for Lynn, Polk County, North Carolina, to see if its climate would be of any benefit. Here his brother, Clifford, and his father and mother left him with his wife and their infant child. Of this time his wife wrote: "We are left alone (August 29th) with one another. On the last night of the summer comes a change. His love and immortal will hold off the destroyer of our summer yet one more week, until the forenoon of September 7th, and then falls the frost, and that unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God."

Was there ever a more heroic life? Was there ever a more worthy member of that great company who "out of weakness were made strong?" Whatever be the estimate formed of him as a poet, there can be no difference of opinion as to his right to a place among the world's heroes.

Before I speak of his poetry, a word or two must be given to him as a writer of prose, and as a musician.

I have not read his early novel, "Tiger Lilies," written amid the civil war, but those parts of his lectures that I have seen remind me, both in their style and extreme vigour, of John Ruskin's work. A single example must suffice:—

"Let any sculptor hew us out the most ravishing combination of tender curves and spheric softness that ever stood for a man, yet if the lips have a certain fulness that hints of the flesh, if the brow be insincere, if in the minutest particular the physical beauty suggest a moral ugliness, that sculptor—unless he be portraying a moral ugliness for a moral purpose—may as well give over his marble for paving stones. Time, whose judgments are inexorably moral, will not accept his work. For, indeed, we may say that he who has not yet perceived how artistic and moral beauty are consequent lines which run back into a common ideal origin, and who, there-



fore, is not afire with moral beauty—just as with artistic beauty—that he, in short, who has not come to this state of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness, and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light within him; he is not yet the great artist.”

Commencing his skill as a musician, the director of the orchestra at Baltimore, in which, for six years, he played the flute, says:—“In his hands the flute no longer remained a mere mechanical instrument, but was transformed into a voice that set heavenly harmonies into vibration. Its tones developed colour, warmth, and a low sweetness of unspeakable poetry.” That is the result only in the case of the supreme masters. I have felt the same thing in relation to a still more mechanical instrument—the piano—under the magic touch of Paderewski. Clearly, nature intended Lanier to express himself through music; and it is the musician who speaks through his poetry. Mr. Steadman says, that “no man more clearly displayed the conjunction of the artistic with the poetic temperament.” Dr. Ward instances his “Song of the Chattahooche” as an example of the “technical beauties of musical rhythm, and vowel and consonant distribution which deserves a place beside Tennyson’s “Brook,” and says, “It strikes a higher key, and is scarcely less musical.” Here is a single verse:—

“And oft in the hills of Habersham,  
And oft in the valleys of Hall,  
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone  
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,  
And many a luminous jewel lone  
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,  
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—  
Made lures with the light of streaming stone  
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,  
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.”

I confess, that to me, a still finer illustration of Lanier’s beauty of expression is found in “A Ballad of Trees and the Master.” For tenderness and simplicity of utterance I know not where to find its superior.

#### A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER.

“Into the woods my Master went,  
Clean forspent, forspent,  
Into the woods my Master came,  
Forspent with love and shame.

But the olives they were not blind to Him,  
 The little gray leaves were kind to Him,  
 The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,  
 When into the woods He came.

“ Out of the woods my Master went,  
 And He was well-content.  
 Out of the woods my Master came,  
 Content with death and shame.  
 When Death and Shame would woo Him last,  
 From under the trees they drew him last ;  
 ’Twas on a tree they slew Him—last  
 When out of the woods He came.”

But Lanier is not the mere poet of musical sounds. He is a poet of thought as well as of expression. Indeed he had a dread of mere words. This was his objection to Swinburne, of whom he says :—“ He invited me to eat ; the service was silver and gold, but no food therein, save pepper and salt.” “ In Absence ” is equally valuable for its thought and for its form. What can be lovelier than the illustration of the dove and the lark.

## IN ABSENCE.

“ Let no man say, *He at his lady's feet*  
*Lays worship that to heaven alone belongs ;*  
*Yea, swings the incense that for God is meet*  
*In flipphant censers of light lover's songs.*  
 Who says it knows not God, nor love, nor thee,  
 For love is large as is yon heavenly dome :  
 In love's great blue, each passion is full free  
 To fly his favourite flight and build his home.  
 Did e'er a lark with skyward-pointing beak  
 Stab by mischance a level-flying dove ?  
 Wife-love flies level, his dear mate to seek :  
 God-love darts straight into the skies above.  
 Crossing the windage of each other's wings  
 But speeds them both upon their journeyings.”

Indeed, in some of his work, the thought is more noteworthy than the form. Had it been metrically accurate, his “ Wedding Hymn ” would have been the finest for use on such occasions. Where is the ideal of the marriage state more perfectly set forth ?

## WEDDING HYMN.

“ Thou God, whose high, eternal love  
 Is the only blue sky of our life,  
 Clear all the Heaven that bends above  
 The life-road of this man and wife.

## THE QUARTO.

May these two lives be but one note  
 In the world's strange-sounding harmony,  
 Whose sacred music e'er shall float  
 Through every discord up to Thee.

As when from separate stars two beams  
 Unite to form one tender ray :  
 As when two sweet but shadowy dreams  
 Explain each other in the day :

So may these two dear hearts one light  
 Emit, and each interpret each.  
 Let an angel come and dwell to-night  
 In this dear double-heart, and teach ! "

Closely connected in subject with this is "My Springs," the work of one who was not only a musician, but a keen observer of the deepest things of the human heart.

## MY SPRINGS.

" In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know  
 Two Springs that with unbroken flow  
 Forever pour their lucent streams  
 Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

Not larger than two eyes, they lie  
 Beneath the many-changing sky,  
 And mirror all of life and time,—  
 Serene and dainty pantomime.

Shot through with lights of stars and dawns,  
 And shadowed sweet by ferns and fawns,—  
 Thus heaven and earth together vie  
 Their shining depths to sanctify.

Always when the large Form of Love  
 Is hid by storms that rage above,  
 I gaze in my two springs and see  
 Love in his very verity.

Always when Faith with stifling stress  
 Of grief hath died in bitterness,  
 I gaze in my two springs and see  
 A Faith that smiles immortally.

Always when Charity and Hope,  
 In darkness bounden, feebly grope,  
 I gaze in my two springs and see  
 A Light that sets my captives free.



Always, when Art on perverse wing  
 Flies where I cannot hear him sing,  
 I gaze in my two springs and see  
 A charm that brings him back to me.

When Labour faints, and Glory fails,  
 And coy Reward in sigh exhales,  
 I gaze in my two springs and see  
 Attainment full and heavenly.

O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they,—  
 My springs from out whose shining gray  
 Issue the sweet celestial streams  
 That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Oval and large and passion-pure,  
 And gray and wise and honour-sure ;  
 Soft as a dying violet-breath  
 Yet calmly unafraid of death ;

Thronged, like two dove-cotes of gray doves,  
 With wife's and mother's and poor-folk's loves,  
 And home-loves and high glory-loves,  
 And science-loves and story-loves,

And loves for all that God and man  
 In art or nature make or plan,  
 And lady-loves for spidery lace  
 And broideries and supple grace,

And diamonds and the whole sweet round  
 Of littles that large life compound,  
 And loves for God and God's bare truth,  
 And loves for Magdalen and Ruth.

Dear eyes, dear eyes and rare complete—  
 Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet,—  
 I marvel that God made you mine,  
 For when he frowns, 'tis then ye shine !”

I have been astonished to find in some of his poems a strenuous dealing with matters commercial, that would satisfy even John Ruskin or William Morris. This is markedly the case in “The Symphony” of the composition, of which he thus speaks in one of his letters.—“About four days ago, a certain poem which I had vaguely ruminated, took hold of me like a real James River ague, and I have been in a mortal shake with the same, day and night ever since. I call it ‘The Symphony’; I personify each instrument in the orchestra, and make them discuss various deep social

questions of the times, in the progress of the music. It is now nearly finished, and I shall be rejoiced thereat, for it verily racks all the bones of my spirit."

"Yea, what avail the endless tale  
Of gain by cunning and plus by sale?  
Look up the land, look down the land—  
The poor, the poor, the poor, they stand  
Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand  
Against an inward-opening door,  
That pressure tightens evermore:  
They sigh a monstrous foul-air sigh  
For the outside leagues of liberty,  
Where Art, sweet lark, translates the sky  
Into a heavenly melody.  
'Each day, all day' (these poor folks say),  
'In the same old year-long, drear-long way,  
We weave in the mills and heave in the Kilns,  
We sieve mine-meshes under the hills,  
And thief much gold from the Devil's bank tills,  
To relieve, O God, what manner of ills?—  
The beasts, they hunger, and eat, and die;  
And so do we, and the world's a sty;  
Hush, fellow-swine! why nuzzle and cry?  
*Swinehood hath no remedy*  
Say many men, and hasten by,  
Clamping the nose and blinking the eye.  
But who said once, in the lordly tone,  
*Men shall not live by bread alone*  
*But all that cometh from the Throne?*  
Hath God said so?  
But Trade saith *No*;  
And the Kilns and the curt-tongued mills say *Go!*  
*There's plenty that can, if you can't: we know.*  
*Move out if you think you're underpaid.*  
*The poor are prolific, we're not afraid;*  
*Trade is trade.'*"

The "Hymns of the Marshes" are usually held to represent his finest work, and they doubtless contain splendid passages; but I cannot think they are the climax of his poetic work. Here is a single specimen with which I must conclude.

#### MARSH SONG—AT SUNSET.

"Over the monstrous shambling sea,  
Over the Caliban sea,  
Bright Ariel-Cloud, thou lingerest:  
Oh wait, oh wait, in the warm red West,—  
Thy Prospero I'll be.

Over the lumped and fishy sea,  
Over the Caliban sea.  
O Cloud in the West, like a thought in the heart  
Of pardon, loose thy wing, and start,  
And do a grace for me.

Over the huge and huddling sea,  
Over the Caliban sea,  
Bring hither my brother Antonio,—Man,—  
My injurer : night breaks the ban :  
Brother, I pardon thee."

I have again and again been reminded, as I have read Lanier's poetry, of what Dante Gabriel Rossetti once wrote, in a letter, to his friend Caine :—"Conception, my boy, *fundamental brain-work*, that is what makes the difference in all art. Work your metal as much as you like, but first take care that it is gold, and worth working."

I trust enough has been said to interest the readers of *The Quarto* in the man and his work. Both are worthy of careful consideration—the man for his heroic struggle against sickness and poverty—his work for its freshness and individuality, unlike all other poetry with which I am acquainted.

A collected edition of his poems, with a prefatory memoir by William Hayes Ward, was published in America by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, and in this country by Gay & Bird, Bedford Street, W.C. His letters to his friend, Gibson Peacock, were published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for July and August, 1894, to these sources I am indebted for the material of this slight sketch of one who was at once a noble man and a true poet.

W. GARRETT HORDER.





DRAWING  
IN CHALK.  
H. TONKS.









# A FINLAND LOVE-SONG.

WORDS BY  
T. MOORE.

MUSIC BY  
FRANK MUMMERY.

*Andante* I saw the moon rise clear O'er hills & dales of snow Nor told my fleet rein deer the  
The gloom that winter cast How soon the heart forgets When summer brings at last the

*Ped. Ped.*

*Piu mosso*  
track I wish'd to go But quick he bounded forth For well my rein-deer knew I've but one path on  
sun that ne-ver sets So dawned my love for you So fixed thro' joy & pain Than summer sun more

*pp*

*8ves. ad lib*

earth The path that leads to you For well my rein deer knew I've but one path on  
true I will nev-er set-a gain So fixed thro' joy & pain Than summer sun more

The path that leads to you. *1st time* *2nd time* *Finis*  
I will nev-er set-a gain. *ritard. 8ve* *p*



A Garden  
Selworthy Green.

ROBERT  
HILTON.







NELLIE  
SYRETT.

"Time is short, life is short."  
*Prince's Progress*, C. ROSSETTI.





## STAIRCASES.

*A Paper read to the Art Worker's Guild by T. G. JACKSON, R.A.*



THE subject of staircases, which the Committee has proposed for this evening, is so wide and suggestive that an architect in dealing with it will hardly know where to begin and how to end. In the designs of the interior of a house the staircase is for him a *bonne bouche*, giving delightful opportunities for pleasant fancy and ingenious contrivance, very often in houses of the humbler kind almost the only opportunity he will have of giving reins to his imagination. The staircase is the one part of the house that everyone must use, every visitor must see, and every inmate must traverse many times a day. It is the public highway from floor to floor and room to room, which there is no avoiding, and which cannot escape notice. It is moreover the one feature of the interior about which there can be no disguise or sham; for its construction must, from the nature of things, be open and visible, and on that account it lends itself readily to architectural treatment, inviting artistic handling, and indeed suggesting artistic ideas, by the very obvious constructional conditions to which it owes its plan and arrangement. For nothing helps an architect to an artistic idea so much as a constructional necessity, if he properly understands his art; and there are, perhaps, no architectural designs more interesting than those in which you can trace the effort of the artist to overcome a problem that has been set him by external conditions, and to mould and shape into forms of beauty things of which the rough plan and arrangement are due to accidental circumstances beyond his control.

If we turn from domestic work to buildings of a more important kind, the staircase still claims consideration as one of the principal parts of the design. It is needless to point out how much the dignity of an interior depends on the approaches, and how much grandeur and interest a building will derive from a fine staircase, with the flights and landings and the doors and windows opening on them skilfully planned so as to present a succession of effective pictures as you ascend or descend.

Considering then the attention that is paid to the staircase in modern work, it is strange to find on looking back how very long men were in arriving at the idea that the staircase was a feature of which much might be made. For various reasons, not all intelligible, it was not till comparatively modern times that the staircase received any attention at all except as a useful contrivance for getting up and down the building. The Romans used staircases as freely as we do, but there is no reason to suppose that they were treated architecturally. Indeed, the traces of them that remain, so far as I know, all suggest quite the contrary: they were often of wood and of small dimensions, even in considerable buildings; and those that remain in the amphitheatres are unadorned, and of extreme simplicity in plan. The stair from one story to the next consists of two flights in reverse directions, divided by a wall, and with a landing at half the height, where you turn round from one flight to the other. If the bearing is not too great the steps are of single stones, built in at each end. If it is too wide for this the stairs are carried on rough vaults of concrete which ramp with the stairs. Though fully aware of the magnificent effect of broad flights of steps leading up to the portico of a temple or a basilica, the Roman architect seems to have found no attraction in interior staircases, and to have bestowed little or no pains upon them. They were mere conveniences, and nothing more.

In the middle ages it was much the same. In the mediæval castle, palace, convent, college, or public building, as well as in smaller domestic buildings, there was but one general apartment, the hall, situated generally on the ground floor or raised very little above it, and reached by a simple flight of steps, partly, perhaps, external. All other rooms were private apartments, to which only one or two persons wanted to go at a time, and for which very small staircases sufficed. As a rule, space was economized by the use of newel or corkscrew staircases, in which every old building abounded, and which were either hollowed out in the thickness of a wall, or contained in turrets specially built to receive them. Of anything like a staircase with straight flights and landings on any important scale, I can recall no mediæval example. There are short straight flights of steps leading to the dining halls of New College and Magdalen College at Oxford, and that of Winchester College, and there is a considerable ascent



by steps to the chapter-house of Wells Cathedral. But all these are treated in the simplest possible way, and though not devoid of picturesqueness, have no positive architectural character, and hardly come into the category of staircases in the modern sense. The only instances in which mediæval stairs have assumed anything of a monumental character are those where the stairs are external to the building, like the well-known Norman staircase at Canterbury, leading, if I am not mistaken, to the King's School, and the *perrons* of the more important French chateaux, of which examples will be found in Viollet-le-Duc. The newel or spiral stair, the *scala a chiocciola* of the Italians, was the typical staircase of the middle ages, and even after the time that staircases attained more splendid development the plan of winding them round a central column still obtained, especially in countries to the north of the Alps. Staircases of this kind were known to the Romans, and therefore cannot be claimed as a mediæval invention. In the earliest examples the steps were carried on a continuous semi-circular vault which itself wound spirally round the newel and was constructed of concrete or rubble. Numerous instances of these staircases in old castles and churches will easily be recalled, and I may mention one which I have lately seen at Marden Church, in Kent. The use of the supporting vault was soon abandoned as unnecessary, and the steps were simply laid across from wall to newel, supporting one another by their lap, and forming the newel by their rounded inner end. This is the stair which every one knows in old church towers, which in old times abounded in domestic buildings as the general mode of communication, and which lasted without much change throughout the whole mediæval period.

It was not till the period of the Renaissance that staircases began to receive further development. At that time the feudal castle, with its numerous private apartments and its one great hall for general assembly, began to give way to a more genial and sociable way of building. Rooms for general and social use became more numerous, apartments began to be arranged in suites, and it became necessary to provide more commodious modes of access from suite to suite and from floor to floor than was afforded by the old corkscrew stairs that had done well enough in the days of yore. Then it was that the staircase seems first to have struck the architect as an opportunity for the display of his art. In Italy,



as was perhaps natural, the stairs returned at once to the Roman model. In the palaces of the Dukes of Urbino—perhaps the most refined and delightful works of the early or Bramantesque renaissance which have come down to us—the great staircase is placed in an angle of the *cortile*; the steps are of a magnificent width, and ascend with a straight ramp between walls to a landing at the half-height where you turn round the end of the dividing wall, and reach the upper floor by another ramp, which lands you above the place where you started. This is the old Roman plan of two flights with a central wall dividing them, of which instances may be seen in any of the ancient amphitheatres.

This is the plan of the great staircase of Duke Federigo di Montefeltro, at Urbino, and of that in his smaller palace at Gubbio. In both these, though there is no great display of adornment, the architect has embellished the doorways and windows with delicate arabesques; and at Urbino he has placed a marble column at the end of the central dividing wall where the staircase turns backward, thus evidently showing that he saw architectural opportunities of which, once discovered, the art of the day was not slow to avail itself. The date of the staircases is about 1480, and their plan was followed pretty generally in the Italian palaces of the succeeding age, for many of which there is no doubt the splendid buildings of the Montefeltrini furnished ideas, being as they were among the earliest examples of the castle passing into the palace. Among other well-known instances of this kind, I may mention the staircases of the Scuola di San Rocco and the Ducal Palace at Venice.

In France the Renaissance produced similar changes, and there too the staircase assumed architectural importance as soon as the castle began to lose its severity in the ease and comfort and space of the mansion. But in France Gothic tradition was stronger than in Italy, and though the architect sought out ways of enlarging and embellishing his staircase, he clung to the ancient plan, and continued to make it wind round a central newel as heretofore. Already the corkscrew stair of the middle ages had in a few instances dimly suggested itself as a motive for decorative treatment. At Laon, in the thirteenth century, the stairs of the western towers had been constructed in a sort of cage of colonnettes supporting each stair from that directly below it, and connecting the revolutions of the spiral thread which

was formed by the outer end of the steps. A somewhat similar staircase exists at Venice, in the neighbourhood, I think, of S. Paternian. The idea of using this spiral line as a motive for decoration seems to have struck architects towards the end of the middle ages, especially in wooden staircases; that known as the staircase of La Reine Berthe, at Chartres, is an example. Of course this is applicable only to staircases that project from the face of an external wall in a turret or chamber specially contrived to hold them, round which the raking line suggesting the ramp of the stairs inside can be made to wind spirally with a very picturesque effect. This is the motive of the staircases in the splendid Renaissance chateaux of François I. on the Loire. They are still spiral stairs, though widened out to stately proportions, and they have still a central newel round which they wind, though it is elaborately carved and panelled and moulded, and sometimes even voided to form a hollow cylinder in order to increase its diameter, so that the stairs may sweep round it with a lordlier curve. The great staircase at Blois is of this kind; it occupies a polygonal tower projecting from the wall face, the outer faces being formed of open arches ramping on a spiral line, like the stairs, and the central newel being handsomely adorned with sculpture. The famous staircase at Chambord, which dates from about 1526, is different. It, too, is spiral, but the newel is enlarged into a hollow cylinder, and the staircase is double, two distinct staircases starting and finishing at opposite points and winding round the same newel, the twist of one lying exactly in the middle between the two twists of the other. This staircase is an internal one, contained in a circular tower in the centre of the palace, where on every floor two wide corridors intersect. Its sides are all pierced with arches, and light is received from the large windows with which each corridor ends. The size of this magnificent construction may be judged from the dimension of the stairs, which are eight feet wide, while the hollow space inside the newel is about seven feet in diameter.

M. Viollet-le-Duc gives illustrations of a spiral staircase at Chateaudun resembling that at Blois. I have not seen it myself.

This idea of showing the spiral twist of the stairs on the outside of the wall, by making the cornices and arches and windows ramp like the stairs in a spiral direction, was very popular in France and Germany, and many

instances of it will be found in Fritsch's illustrations of the Renaissance buildings in the latter country. It is an idea which may, no doubt, be hunted to death and become easily stale by repetition; but it has undoubtedly a piquancy and simple naiveté about it when well worked out which cannot fail to charm. Like many other things, however, it is not so simple as it looks. Only those who have tried to make a staircase of this kind can imagine amid what strange difficulties the architect will find himself entangled. In Gothic architecture and on a small scale it may be easy enough, but let anyone try it in classic and on a considerable scale, and he will be surprised at the crop of geometrical puzzles it will present, and at the rebellious way in which his entablatures and strings will widen themselves out, or shrink up, or develop a tendency to taper, when he tries to persuade them to turn the corner of an octagonal tower, especially if there is a pilaster at the angle round which they have to break.

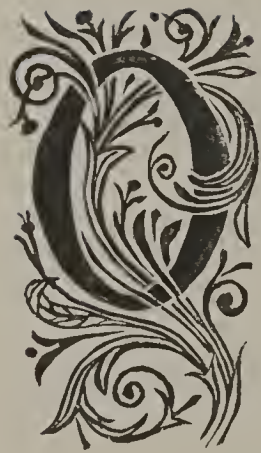
In England, so far as I know, the neo-classic style produced no such staircases as these. There is at Burleigh House a very pretty stone staircase of the Elizabethan age, arranged on the Roman plan like those at Urbino; that is, with successive flights divided by a central wall. The roof of each ramp has a semi-circular vault panelled, and of course raking with the stairs. But one great glory of English country houses of that and the succeeding age is the great oak staircases, with their massive carved newels and balustrades, with which we are all familiar. These to some extent cling to the mediæval conception of a staircase, as something to be enclosed by itself within walls of its own; and as a rule they do not present themselves to view in the hall, but are contained in a chamber of their own, round which they wind with a central well. This is well illustrated by the staircases of the Bodleian Library, of which there were four, one in each of the four angle towers which project into the quad, though only one is now perfect. The reason for this seclusion of the staircase was, no doubt, partly the convenience of four surrounding walls to which to attach the woodwork, and partly the fact that the hall was still the general living room of the family, from which it was desirable to exclude the draughts of a staircase. Numberless examples of this kind of staircase remain throughout England. They are constructed in various ways. In some, as at the Bodleian, the newels run up from story to story, forming an effectual



support. Staircases like these, if the newels are properly protected from damp at the foot, ought to last as long as the house. Others are constructed with more ingenuity, but less judgment, and have the newels interrupted at each handrail. Theoretically such staircases are secure and cannot sink, because each newel is strutted from that below it by the string, which impinges at an angle with the landing joists. But practically stairs of this kind do almost invariably sink, and I have no doubt many old stairs have been lost to us from the ambition of their designers, who, preferring science to art and theory to practice, scorned the direct support of a newel-post from story to story. For my part, I must confess to a delight in the continuous newel which runs up in this way, and which affords endless opportunities for decorative treatment. If full use be made of these even the most modest staircase in a very small house may be made attractive and interesting.

I have, however, far exceeded the period of five minutes which was allotted me for what I had to say on this subject, and I will not follow up the subject of staircases into the period of pure neo-classic architecture. Some other speaker will, I hope, deal with that. I will merely remind you, in conclusion, of the charming examples of staircases in pure classic, of which we have a diminishing number in London. Of these, that at Ashburnham House, Westminster, is well known and has been illustrated; that just destroyed with Lord Carrington's house in Whitehall must, to judge from the illustrations of it which have been published, have been scarcely less interesting; and there is a small but very rich staircase of the same kind in a house in Clifford Street, now Mr. Feetham's shop. To these I would add the very stately stairs by which the west galleries of some of Wren's and Gibb's churches are approached. These all show what may be done in this style on a small or moderate scale. I cannot myself pretend to any great admiration of huge classic staircases with double ramps, which in my mind are irresistibly associated with the sombre dullness of Euston Square waiting-hall or the British Museum. To enjoy a staircase, it ought not, in my opinion, to be too large, and if in days of old our forefathers failed to see what could be made of their staircases, and treated them with neglect, I think we moderns are sometimes tempted to go wrong in the opposite direction by treating them too ceremoniously.

T. G. JACKSON.



PHELIA. G. F.

WATTS, R.A.









## ROBERT BROWNING'S INFLUENCE ON HIS WIFE'S POETRY.



IN that September morning (just fifty years ago) when Elizabeth Barrett stole away from her father's house to wed with Robert Browning at Mary-le-bone Church, a union was effected which stands absolutely alone in history—the marriage of two great poets. That of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles affords no parallel to it; for even if Southey be admitted to the rank of great poets, it is certain that his wife cannot. Of the

courtship that preceded this unique marriage and the happy years that followed it beneath the sunny skies of Italy, enough, if not more than enough, has been written. For the hospitable house in the Casa Guidi entertained many visitors, and the death of host and hostess has left these visitors free to give us many a vivid picture of the life within, a life so bright and beautiful, so genial (both in the English and German sense of the word) that it was itself a poem.

But another aspect of the union presents itself to the literary critic. In what way did it affect the writings of these two great poets? What was their literary influence upon each other? Unquestionably that of the husband on the wife was greater than that of the wife on the husband. No such

marked difference can be traced between the poetry of Robert Browning before and after marriage, as there can between the poems of Elizabeth Barrett and the poems of Elizabeth Browning—and it is with the last-named difference that this paper is concerned. We might have expected the reverse. She was older than her husband, six years older if the earlier of the two disputed dates of her birth be accepted. She had been writing for a longer period, and had achieved a wider reputation than he. The Athenæum had suggested her as Poet Laureate when the death of Wordsworth left the post vacant. Nor was hers one of those weakly plastic natures that readily takes impress from each successive influence brought to bear upon it. She was tenacious of her convictions, and in some of them (as regards spiritualism for example) she remained to the last opposed to her husband. We are told, too, that the agreement they made not to show their work to each other during the process of composition was always rigidly observed on her side, but not so completely on his. He may here and there have availed himself of her criticisms; she never of his. Yet notwithstanding all this, the change in her writings after marriage is most apparent; in his, scarcely perceptible. The infusion of a little more tenderness, an acquired perception (a very faint one after all) of the beauty and significance of childhood—this is all that we can set down to the credit of his wife's influence. Nor is the explanation far to seek. It is not simply a question of personal influence.

Marriage brought changes into the life of Mrs. Browning to which there was no correspondence in her husband's case. In hers they amounted to a complete transformation. To the invalid confined for years to her bedroom and her boudoir, seeing hardly any one but her own relatives, there comes first the inspiring influence of love, then foreign travel, transference from England to Italy, improved health, enlarged society, maternity, contact with the long patriotic struggle for Italian freedom, intercourse with some of the finest spirits of the age, and constant association with the powerful and versatile mind of Robert Browning, whose learning, not less extensive than her own, had been supplemented by a knowledge of "men and women," such as she had never had the opportunity to acquire. It is no wonder that her thought gains a wider range, her pen a new vigour, or that it is not easy to distinguish what she owes directly to the



influence of her husband from what is due to the new environment into which he introduced her.

Her poetry was always subjective. Robert Browning made it less so: but he could not impart to her the dramatic genius that completely hides the personality of the writer behind the characters it creates. In "Aurora Leigh" it is not only Aurora who thinks her thoughts and speaks her words. In the utterances of "Romney," "Lord Howe," "Carrington," and even of "Lady Waldemar" and "Marian Erle," we catch the tone of Mrs. Browning's voice. They have picked up her tricks of speech; the far-fetched though often exquisite metaphors, the keen, delicate satire, the way of looking through the material to something spiritual shadowed forth by it, hardly comport with their characters, and seem almost grotesque in the lips of the low-born peasant-girl and the fashionable woman of the period. We cannot forget at any time that we are reading Elizabeth Browning. But if this intense subjectivity still persists in the poems after her marriage, it wholly dominates those written before it. Adam, Eve, Lucifer, and the Seraphs, all talk Browningese—and in the shorter poems there is hardly the attempt to lay it aside. It is one of the strongest proofs of Mrs. Browning's genius, that whereas poetry uniformly subjective usually wearies us, hers holds our interest in spite of it. We feel it is not egotism. It is only a soul left too much to itself, striving to utter its rich contents. There is no affectation about it. She—

". . . Does but sing because she must,  
And pipe but as the linnets sing."

Song was for her a necessity. She has truly said—

"Many fervent souls  
Strike rhyme on rhyme, who would strike steel on steel  
If steel had offered, in a restless heat  
Of doing something. Many tender souls  
Have strung their losses on a rhyming thread  
As children cowslips:—the more pains they take  
The work more withers."

But she was not one of them. She has left a faithful record of the impulses that urged her ever to sing on, in the Sonnet placed first in her collection:—

## THE QUARTO.

" With stammering lips and insufficient sound  
 I strive and struggle to deliver right  
 That music of my nature day and night  
 With dream and thought and feeling interwound,  
 And inly answering all the senses round  
 With octaves of a mystic depth and height,  
 Which step out grandly to the infinite  
 From the dark edges of the sensual ground.  
 This song of soul I struggle to outbear  
 Through portals of the sense sublime and whole,  
 And utter all myself into the air :  
 But if I did it,—as the thunder-roll  
 Breaks its own cloud, my flesh would perish there  
 Before that dread apocalypse of soul."

Our poet was nothing if not sincere. Her poetry was the reflex of her own life. If before her marriage it is tinged throughout with sadness, it is because her life was sad. She was one of those of whom Shelley wrote, "They learned in suffering what they taught in song." If it seems sometimes to lack reality, and shows signs of what Sydney Smith called "other-worldliness," it was because she lived in another world than this. She says herself, looking back upon that secluded life:—

" I lived with visions for my company  
 Instead of men and women."

The days were passed in converse with the old Greek poets and philosophers. She had her beloved Plato bound like a three-volume novel to elude the vigilant eye of her father who feared lest she should overtax her brain with too severe study. If she left this ancient classic ground, it was to walk with Chaucer and Spenser, with Dante and Ariosto; with the romance-writers of medieval chivalry or with the heroes of sacred story and the Author of human redemption. And so her poetry comes to us like a far-way melody from another world; and her imagery in the *Seraphim* and the *Drama of Exile* is often so weird and fantastic that one is tempted to ask whether it was not called up under the influence of the opium that was sometimes administered to relieve her pain. She touches, indeed, on human love, but in other fashion from that in which she wrote when the love of Robert Browning inspired her pen, and perhaps the best of her short poems are those like "Hector in the Garden" which refer

to the period of her own childhood, and the "Cry of the Children," in which this intense child-lover makes pathetic and vehement protest against the iniquities of child labour in mines and factories.

But after her marriage with Robert Browning her horizon widens. He took her out from among her books, her visions, and led her among "men and women." She saw, for the first time, other lands than her own. She ate there of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and the fruit enlightened her eyes. She began to take an interest in politics—especially Italian politics—and to form views of her own as to social reform.

The 1844 edition closes the period untouched by Robert Browning's influence, and from the 1850 edition onwards the difference in her writing becomes ever more apparent. The tender passionate woman-heart is there still, but the "small spirit hand" strikes strong and trenchant blows.

American slavery, Austrian despotism, English conventionalism, all come in for a share of her satire and condemnation. The increased vigour and almost masculine force of her writing is apparent in every line. It is no longer "other-worldly." Her foot stands firmly on the earth when her song strikes the heavens. She strives—

"To catch  
Upon the burning lava of a song  
The full-veined, heaving, double-breasted Age  
That, when the next shall come, the men of that  
May touch th' impress with reverent hand, and say  
Behold—behold the paps we all have sucked!"

That "Aurora Leigh" wholly succeeds in doing this would be to claim too much for it. A woman of the world like Lady Waldemar would never have laid bare her whole heart at the first interview with a complete stranger like Aurora just because that stranger was a poet; nor would she have sought to justify herself for trusting an innocent girl like Marian to the care of a lady's maid by pleading that the maid "dressed hair superbly." The scene in the church, too, where Romney waits for his bride, is scarcely natural, and the whole Marian episode is improbable. But in spite of this and other defects "Aurora Leigh" remains a great and living poem, showing deep insight into human nature, rich in pictures of English and Italian scenery painted with a masterly hand, sparkling with terse epigrams



worthy of Göethe's "Faust," triumphantly vindicating the claim of Art to be an indispensable agent in the elevation of society, and victoriously combating the materialistic philosophy (more prevalent in the middle of this century than in the later decades) with weapons drawn in part from Plato's armoury, in part from the writer's own unwavering faith in God and the eternal reality of spiritual truth. It could never have been written by Elizabeth Barrett—only by Mrs. Robert Browning.

In the poems subsequent to her marriage we see, too, the influence of her husband's strong optimism. It cannot be said that she was ever absolutely pessimistic. The faith just alluded to kept her from that; but she seldom rose above the attitude of sad resignation; the brighter day which she confidently anticipated was not a day ever to dawn on this world. "My future will not copy fair my past on any leaf but heaven's." So she wrote before she knew Robert Browning, though she afterwards magnificently recanted in No. XLII. of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." The closing lines of Isobel's child express a kind of optimism:—

"O you,  
Earth's tender and impassioned few,  
Take courage to entrust your love  
To Him so named who guards above  
Its ends and shall fulfil;  
Breaking the narrow prayers that may  
Befit your narrow hearts, away  
In His broad, loving will."

But it is an optimism that rests purely on religious grounds, and looks beyond the grave for its justification. How narrow and shallow it is, is evident from this beautiful poem itself. The writer who can represent a mother as really convinced that a nobler fate is granted to her child if taken in infancy to the spirit world, than if he lived to fight God's battles and share His victories in this, is only removed by a hair's-breadth from pessimism. It is just possible that this poem may have been written after marriage, with the shadow of maternity hanging over her; for it first appears in the edition of 1850: but at any rate it represents the spirit of her earlier writing. When she has come more thoroughly under her husband's influence, the tone is altered. Not hereafter but here right shall triumph over wrong, and God's will be done on earth as it is in

heaven. That is the note struck with no uncertain sound in the 9th book of "Aurora Leigh," in "Poems before Congress," and even in "Casa Guidi Windows." Bitterly disappointed as she was in Pio Nono, in Archduke Leopold (as later in Napoleon III.), and even in the Florentines themselves, her confidence remains unshaken that the forces of despotism will be scattered and a free and united Italy stand up among the nations.

But if through her close association with Mr. Browning her poetry gained in brightness, and hopefulness, in force and vivacity, in variety of theme and colouring, in a more vigorous handling of her subjects and a closer touch with the realities of life, these gains were not without loss and detriment in other directions. Before she knew him personally, she had written to a friend: "His passion burns the paper. But I will guess at the worst fault,—at least, I will tell you what has always seemed to me the worst fault, a want of harmony—I mean in the two senses, spiritual and physical. There is a want of softening power in words, and *feelings* as well as words: there is little room in all this passion for pathos. And the verse, the lyrics—where is the ear? Inspired spirits should not speak so harshly, and in good sooth they seldom do. What! from Paracelsus down to the Bells and Pomegranates, a whole band of angels white-robed and crowned angel thoughts, with palms in their hands and no music!"

It will be agreed that this censure is a little too sweeping; but the curious thing is that, after her marriage, Mrs. Browning gradually slips into the very transgressions she here condemns. With the exception of "A Musical Instrument"—first published in the Cornhill Magazine—her later poetry has no cadences so sweet as those we find, *e.g.*, in the chorus of the Earth Spirits in the "Drama of Exile," the "Romance of the Swan's Nest" and the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." "Tenderness" and "pathos" could never be wholly wanting in her poetry, but the charge she brings against Mr. Browning that everything is "trenchant,—black and white, without intermediate colours," is peculiarly applicable to the poems she wrote after marriage.

The strength and the defects of her later style are very well represented in "First News from Villafranca," when, to her extreme chagrin, Napoleon III. after the brilliant victories of Magenta and Solferino offered the Austrian

Emperor terms of peace which were accepted at Villafranca, leaving him still in possession of Venice and the Quadrilateral—

“Peace, peace, peace, do you say?  
 What!—with the enemy’s guns in our ears?  
 With the country’s wrong not rendered back?  
 What! while Austria stands at bay  
 In Mantua, and our Venice bears  
 The cursed flag of the yellow and black?”

“Peace, peace, peace, do you say?  
 And this the Mincio? Where’s the fleet,  
 And where’s the sea? Are we all blind  
 Or mad with blood shed yesterday,  
 Ignoring Italy under our feet,  
 And seeing things before, behind?”

“Peace, peace, peace, do you say?  
 What! uncontested, undenied?  
 Because we triumph; we succumb?  
 A pair of Emperors stand in the way  
 (One of whom is a man, beside),  
 To sign and seal our cannons dumb?”

“No, not Napoleon!—he who mused  
 At Paris, and at Milan spake,  
 And at Solferino led the fight:  
 Not he we trusted, honoured, used  
 Our hopes and hearts for . . . till they break—  
 Even so, you tell us . . . in his sight.

“Peace, peace, is still your word?  
*We* say you lie then!—that is plain.  
 There *is* no peace, and shall be none,  
 Our very Dead would cry ‘Absurd!’  
 And clamour that they died in vain  
 And whine to come back to the sun,

“Hush! more reverence for the Dead!  
*They’ve* done the most for Italy  
 Ever more since the earth was fair.  
 Now would that *we* had died instead  
 Still dreaming peace meant liberty,  
 And did not, could not mean despair,

“Peace, you say?—Yes, peace, in truth!  
 But such a peace as the ear can achieve  
 ’Twixt the rifle’s click, and the rush of the ball,  
 ’Twixt the tiger’s spring and the crunch of the tooth,  
 ’Twixt the dying atheist’s negative  
 And God’s Face—waiting, after all!”



The same defect (with fewer redeeming virtues) is observable in most of the "Poems before Congress": and although in "Aurora Leigh," the descriptions of scenery and the pictures of Marian's child supply some softening touches, the violence of the language, the clashing "black and white" affect the reader with just that sense of a lack of artistic harmony, which she had herself felt in reading Browning's earlier poems. Her pen, as it were, digs into the paper when she depicts the spleen of Lady Waldemar and Aurora's scorn of her. Here and there, too, in the endeavour to be strong and forceful she descends to coarseness and vulgarity, as when she writes—

"We are of one flesh after all and wear one flannel,"

and freely introduces the slang of Billingsgate among Romney Leigh's guests at the projected wedding. No doubt she intends to be realistic, but is slang admissible in an epic? even if it be a modern epic? which pourtrays the age that—

"Brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates, aspires."

We do not complain of mere roughness. There is a purpose in Robert Browning's roughness which he has indicated in the first stanza of "The Twins" \* :—

"Good rough old Martin Luther  
Bloomed fables—flowers on furze,  
*The better the uncouth:*  
*Do roses stick like burrs?"*

And in this roughness Mrs. Browning became his disciple. But roughness need not be coarseness: and if the whole truth is to be told we must confess Robert Browning's influence somewhat impaired the maidenly purity and refinement that marked Elizabeth Barrett's writings. It would be unjust to class him with the school of fleshly poets, but his warmest admirers must admit that in his longer poems he seems by preference to

\* This little-known poem was written in the Bocca di Leone, Rome, March 1854, and published with the fine poem of his wife's, "A Song for the Ragged Schools of London," in a little twelve-page pamphlet in aid of that philanthropic movement.

select a plot that does not smell sweetly, and that there are coarse touches in many of his shorter ones. To turn a classic episode like the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon into the vulgarest of modern flirtations is unworthy of a great poet. Nor does the title of the collection, "Jocoseria," justify him in making the Eastern King address his royal guest in the words—

"The building must be my temple, my person stand forth the statue,  
The picture my portrait prove and the poem my praise, you cat, you !

It is only at rare intervals that Mrs. Browning shows a trace of this sinister influence, and of course it was hardly to be expected or even desired that the extreme maidenly reserve which characterized her earlier writings should be maintained to the end of her life, and yet there are things which one would "wish her to have expressed differently" in "Aurora Leigh," "Lord Walter's Wife" and one or two other poems.

It is an open question how far Mr. Browning is to be held responsible for the "turbidity" which Mr. Edmund Gosse thinks will preclude Mrs. Browning from holding a permanent place in the rank of great poets, and for her frank disregard of the laws of rhyme and prosody.

Certainly Mr. Browning's own poetry is not a model of simplicity and lucidity, and even the *earlier* poems of his wife are deficient in these qualities. But the obscurity *there* is due chiefly to the frequent use of archaic terms, the employment of adjectives as substantives, and the introduction of words from the classic tongues in a quite un-English sense in a way that throws even an experienced reviewer off scent, as for example when she writes—

"Here Homer with his broad suspense  
Of thunderous brows";

lines of which Mr. Peter Bayne said they had more sound than sense, because he missed the peculiar usage of the word suspense for an expanse suspended, and the reference to the well-known bust of Homer, where undoubtedly a broad expanse of heavy thunderous brow is suspended over the blank eyes beneath. One feels a little sympathy with Critic Stokes, who complains to Aurora Leigh of her fondness for abstract terms:—

“ ‘Call a man John, a woman Joan,’ says he,  
 ‘And do not prate so of humanities.’ ”

Whereat Aurora may smile and “call her critic simply Stokes,” but the reader does get a little weary of our poet’s “humanities,” “immortalities,” “eternities,” “immensities,” “ascensions,” and things “intense,” “proclive,” “profuse”: and picks his way with difficulty through such a mixture of metaphors as—

“Gaze on with inscient vision toward the sun,  
 And from his visceral heats, pluck out the roots  
 Of light beyond him.”

But in “Casa Guidi Windows,” in “Poems before Congress,” and some still later poems, the obscurity is more like Mr. Browning’s own. Thoughts are only half expressed, a couple of words do duty for a sentence, transition is made from one speaker to another without any indication of the change, a kind of puzzle seems purposely contrived to test the reader’s ingenuity in piecing together scattered hints of thought into a connected whole. No doubt, in the two collections just named, the obscurity is heightened by frequent allusion to characters and events in the great struggle for Italian freedom, which was going on under her eyes. The few foot-notes from her own hand will need to be largely supplemented to make the poems intelligible to the next generation. Even the *title* of the latter will cause them perplexity: for the Congress to which it refers was never actually held but only projected, and after endless talk abandoned. But apart from these causes of obscurity the growing influence of Mr. Browning’s own peculiar style upon the writer must be credited with much of the “turbidity.”

In like manner with her well-known disregard of *poetic form*, all the blame must not be laid on Mr. Browning. Elizabeth Barrett had long held the conviction which she puts in the mouth of Aurora Leigh:—

“What form is best for poems? Let me think  
 Of forms less, and the external. Trust the spirit  
 As sovran nature does, to make the form;  
 For otherwise we only imprison spirit  
 And not embody. Inward evermore  
 To outward—so in life, and so in art  
 Which still is life.”



Five acts to make a play,  
 And why not fifteen? Why not ten? or seven?  
 What matter for the number of the leaves  
 Supposing the tree lives and grows? Exact;  
 The literal unities of time and place  
 When 'tis the essence of passion to ignore  
 Both time and place? Absurd! Keep up the fire  
 And leave the generous flames to shape themselves."

In an early letter to Mr. Horne she had already come to the conclusion that modern poetry was too closely bound by conventional laws as to rhyme and rhythm. She thought that the dissyllable rhymes usually confined to comic verse might with advantage be introduced into serious poetry, and that imperfect rhymes might be freely interspersed with perfect ones for the sake of variety.

That was likewise Mr. Browning's opinion; and when her poem on "The Dead Pan" was published, which contains such rhymes as "goaded" and "godhead," "iron" and "aspiring," he wrote to her applauding her courage in breaking through the old conventions. She had already perpetrated in the "Drama of Exile" the atrocious lines,—

"Rejoice in the clefts of Gehenna  
 My exiled, my host,  
 Earth has exiles as hopeless as when a  
 Heaven's empire was lost."

But with the encouragement she received from Mr. Browning, and under his perpetual influence, she went from bad to worse both in respect of rhyme and rhythm. If he was not the originating cause he must at least be brought in guilty of "aiding and abetting," and together they must be credited with having produced some of the most inappropriate polysyllabic rhymes and untunable verse in English poetry.

But after all, if we attempt to strike the balance, we shall cheerfully admit that in her increased vigour, reality, enlarged outlook and breadth of treatment, our one great woman poet gained more than she lost through her association with Robert Browning.

If we hesitate for a moment, and the balance seem almost even, we have but to throw into the former scale the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" to make us own that we are everlastingly his debtor. It is true that for years

before his courtship she had been perfecting herself in the Art of Sonnet-writing. She did not here disdain to observe faithfully the rules which the best sonnet writers had laid down; she had studied the best models, Petrarch in particular, and had been even more successful than he in treasuring up the motive-thought of the sonnet, to burst upon us in its last line in a flood of light, like the moon that has been edging the clouds with silver and at last leaps out upon us in full-orbed beauty. She had written (to name only a few out of many) "The Soul's Expression," "Grief," "Substitution," "Comfort," "Work and Contemplation," possibly also "Bereavement," and "Consolation," which alone would have sufficed to place her high among our sonnetteers. She had attempted short sequences in the two sonnets to Georges Sand, the pair "Patience taught by Nature," and "Cheerfulness taught by Reason," and the three suggested by Christ's look on Peter.\* But when the great heart of Robert Browning was laid at her feet, when the shy, frail, trembling recluse found that she had inspired such a man with a passion as pure as it was strong, that to make his life complete it must be united with his own, and that for herself, too, there could be no completeness apart from him, it would seem as if this late-coming but all-potent god of Love infused into her a strength more than mortal. The increase in her physical powers was marvellous, and every poet faculty was strung to highest tension and made mighty for effective service. We have said that Mrs. Browning was nothing if not sincere. She is strong when she writes under the impulse of strong feeling, weak when prompted only by the imagination. Now here her woman-nature, coming for the first time under the influence of the great master-passion in its purest, noblest form, attains a fulness that had hitherto been lacking.† Every sense is quickened, the ear refined, and the poet perfected. In these sonnets, written for no eye but her own, there are none of those blemishes that vex us in her other writings. In perfect music, with a wealth of imagery that would be dazzling if it were not so spontaneous, a grace and refinement worthy of the highest Art, an intensity of passion that is all the more fervent because it is not in the lower sense erotic, she tells how

\* The three on Hugh Stuart Boyd were written after her marriage.

† "No perfect Artist is developed here  
From any imperfect woman."—"AURORA LEIGH."

love surprised her, how she doubted, questioned, alleged her intellectual unworthiness and shattered health as insuperable barriers, feared lest God's denial barred her own assent, till the long struggle ended in complete surrender to her "princely lover." There is no such sonnet-sequence in our language; nor are the six poems which immediately precede it in the final collection, and which handle the same theme in lyric form, much if at all inferior in artistic beauty. Take for example the first of them:—

## LIFE AND LOVE.

Fast this Life of mine was dying,  
Blind already and calm as death,  
Snowflakes on her bosom lying  
Scarcely heaving with her breath.

Love came by, and having known her  
In a dream of fabled lands,  
Gently stooped, and laid upon her  
Mystic chrism of holy hands;

Drew his smile across her folded  
Eyelids, as the swallow dips;  
Breathing finely, as the cold did,  
Through the locking of her lips.

So, when Life looked upward, being  
Warmed and breathed on from above,  
What sight could she have for seeing  
Evermore . . . but only LOVE?

It has long been known that the title "Sonnets from the Portuguese" was a mere veil. Mr. Gosse has recently told the pretty story how in the year after their marriage the wife slipped them from behind into her husband's pocket as he stood gazing out of the window and fled to her room telling him to burn them if he did not like them; how discussion followed, long and strenuous, as to whether they should or should not be published; how Miss Mitford had to be called in as assessor and like a judicious arbitrator conceded something to each of the disputants, and advised that they should be printed, but issued in the first instance only for private circulation, and how the title to the collection came finally to assume its present form. All this, together with a delicate appreciative criticism and much else that will interest the true Browning-lover, may be

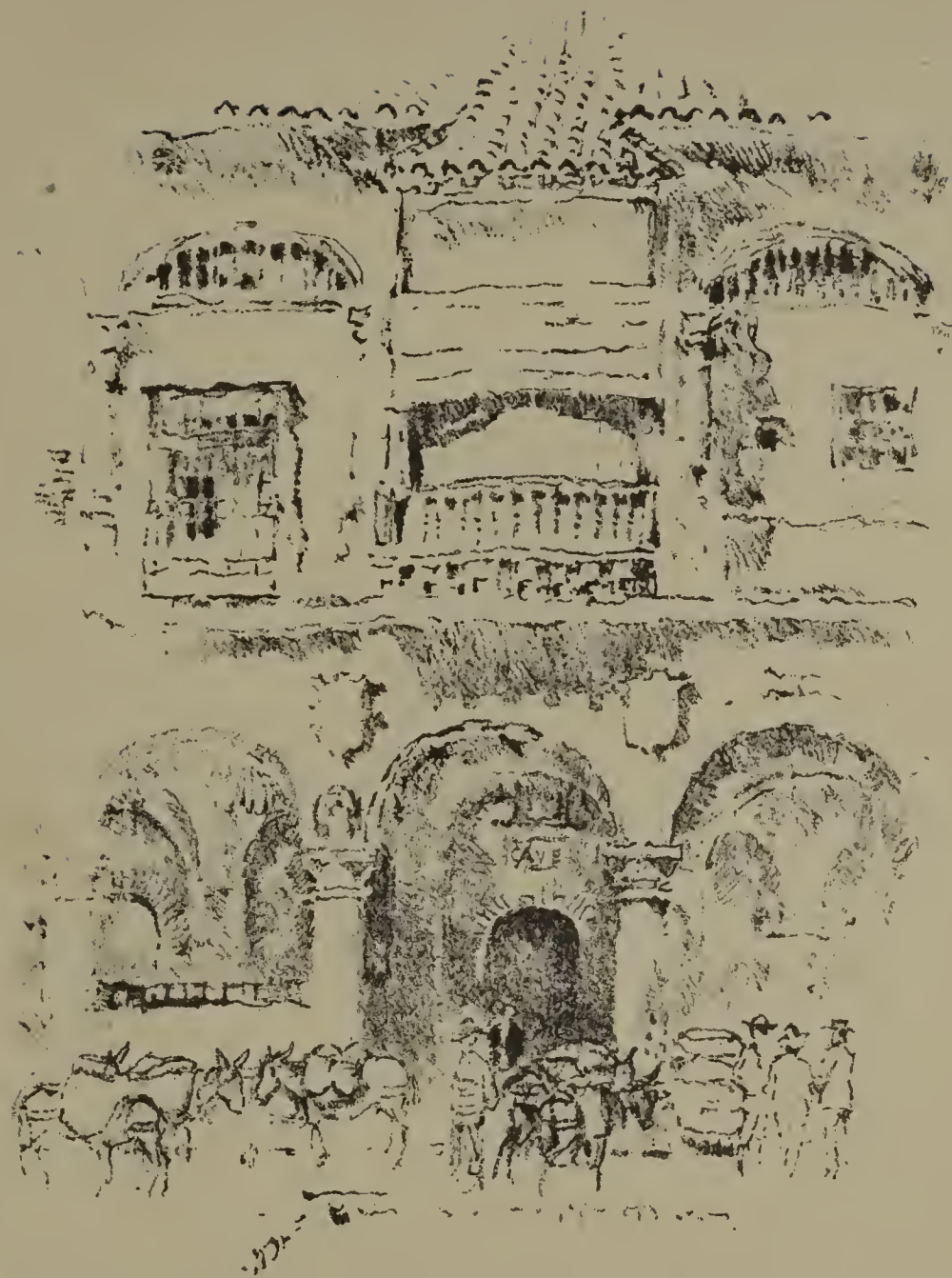


read in the first of Mr. Gosse's "Critical Kit-Kats." He thinks that the Sonnets are the high-water mark of Mrs. Browning's genius, that she is at her best from 1842 to 1850, and that subsequently there is a distinct falling off and a recrudescence of earlier faults. In this judgment the present writer cannot concur without some reservations. The "turbidity" of which Mr. Gosse complains is nowhere more evident than in Part I. of "Casa Guidi Windows" written in 1848. And though the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and the lyrics that introduce them are doubtless the most *faultless* of her productions, they do not show the manifoldness of the writer's powers. And when we remember that "Aurora Leigh" was not published till 1856 and that it was followed by such gems as "A Musical Instrument," "A False Step," "Bianca among the Nightingales," and "My Kate," we cannot but think Mr. Gosse places the date of decadence far too early. In fact, there was to the last hardly any falling off in her power; only, as we have endeavoured to show, the close association with Robert Browning, while it increased the vigour of her thought and expression, tended continually to diminish its harmony and lucidity.

ALFRED HOLBORN.



NN COURTYARD,  
GRANADA. JO-  
SEPH PENNELL.











*Allegretto leggiero*

*p* Merry, merry sparrow, Under <sup>leaves</sup> so green, A

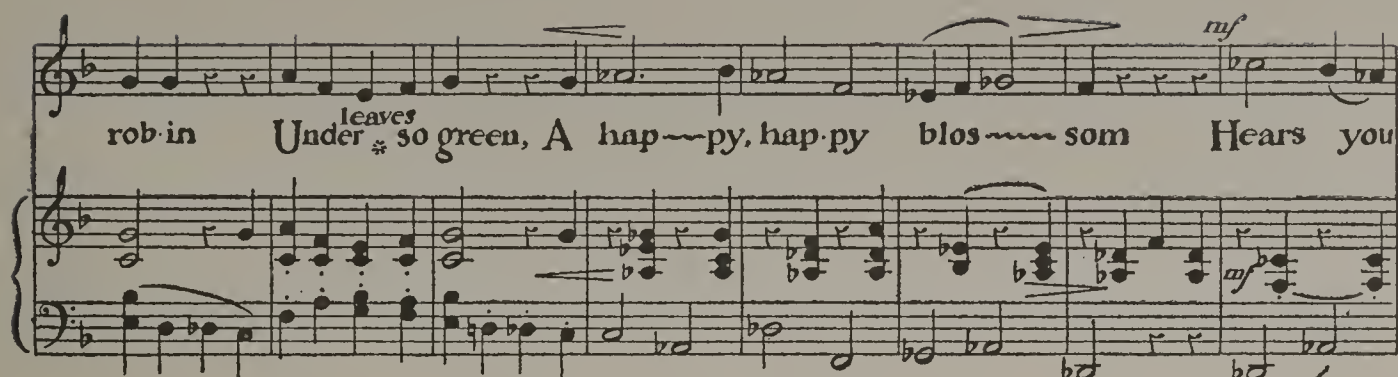
*f* hap-py, hap-py blos-som *mf* Sees you <sup>swift</sup> as ar-row.

*mf* *poco rall* Seek your cradle narrow Near my bos-om. *p* Pret-ty, pret-ty

*mf* *a tempo* *poco accel*



rob-in Under <sup>leaves</sup> so green, A hap-py, hap-py blos-som Hears you



sob-bing, sob-bing, Pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty rob-in Near my bos-

*poco rit* *a tempo* *dim*



om-

*accel*





H E    B R I N K .

CYRIL GOLDIE.











It is almost exactly a quarter of a century since an attempt was made to transplant certain exotics into the garden of English Song. Some poets even now—Sir Lewis Morris to wit—persist in regarding as exotic the sonnet which Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth in turn naturalised and proved to be well fit for our uncouth tongue. So might they exclude the prosaic potato from their daily diet, on similar ground, with as much and no more reason. The pioneers, Messrs. Robert Bridges, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang, and W. E. Henley, who tackled the intricate rhymings of the Troubadours—as certain folk call the earlier makers of the ballade and virelay—did most excellent work therein. Nor was this a preconcerted movement. Possibly a certain yellow-covered volume, “quite impudently French,” by one De Banville—had been handed round among a circle of friends. Possibly Robert Louis Stevenson

was the first importer of this poisonous treatise, which was to defile the purity of English form, as the Italian sonnets had before vulgarised its homely beauty. It matters little; the inelegant rhymers of "the seventies" abjured these "set forms of verse." Not because the new habit imposed rigorous fetters to their unbridled license, still less because even ballade-making is not easy until you have learned the trick; but because the new movement was "un-English." They said so often, and who shall doubt their patriotic zeal in so doing. All the same, it was a group of earnest, clever writers who played with the fancies; not merely your æsthetic rhymester, nor your "precious" minor poet, but men who afterwards won their spurs in more deadly fray.

Among the most warmly welcomed of these little rhymes was the *Triolet*. But perhaps its welcome was too sudden, and the friendship it evoked too violent to last. Or possibly the extreme ease of its manufacture, up to a certain point, led to its being done to death by poorly-equipped imitators; certain it is that, after so many years, the triolet is not even now acclimatised in English poetry, although a little more frequently employed in modern American verse, yet the ballade has become well-nigh as indigenous as the sonnet.

For a bad triolet is so easy to turn, that its enemies, who learn its laws of set purpose so that they may employ its own weapons against it, thereby gain an easy victory. Yet it is this very inability to recognise that, because a poor triolet is miserable doggerel, it in no wise follows that a good example must needs be either trivial in what it says, or inferior as poetry, which provokes a word in its defence.

No one, nowadays, that is of the average well-informed standard of ignorance, would own to absolute ignorance of its simple and yet inflexible laws. But a competition, not very long ago, in the columns of a popular society journal, displayed a surprising density on the part of those who essayed the triolet. The well-known example of Mr. Austin Dobson, here quoted, was given as the model:—

" Rose kissed me to-day,  
     Will she kiss me to-morrow?  
 Let it be as it may,  
 Rose kissed me to-day.



But the pleasure gives way  
 To a savour of sorrow ;—  
 Rose kissed me to-day,—  
 Will she kiss me to-morrow ? ”

But not only was the rare art, that employs the frequent refrain, always as a fresh exposition of its theme, with each time a subtle difference of meaning, entirely ignored by most of the competitors, they also disdained its obvious rules, and not a few appeared to think that the rhyme sound “orow” was the sole thing to follow.

But the “poor little triolet”—as Sarrasin calls it in an elegy written on the death of Voiture in 1648—deserves better of its friends. For those who have studied it know, it is the weakness not of the form itself, but of its makers, which has brought discredit not altogether undeserved upon the verselet.

One of the greatest living masters of style in English literature confessed to me that the triolet ought not to be impossible, that one could imagine an ideal triolet, but that so far it had never quite come off except, perhaps, once in Mr. Dobson’s hands. The fatal facility of getting a certain amount of sense into its jingling refrain has satisfied most of its admirers. One might write :—

“Twice one is two,  
 It is so, really.  
 Yet, though it’s true,  
 Twice one is two,  
 That will not do  
 To fill a “triolet,”  
 Twice one is two !  
 It is so, really.”

This is a correctly turned triolet, and perfectly superfluous doggerel at the same time ; with rhymes as good as “dawning” and “morning,” and no better. In other words, bad assonance and no rhyme. Having built up such a one, naturally its maker finds the task of demolishing it light enough ; so, by inference, he holds all past and future examples of the form as very cheap and easy. But the proximity of bathos is not enough to condemn a poetic form ; there is probably no rhythm, however noble, which has not suffered from incapable rhymesters. The dignity of

*In Memoriam* has not kept off the crowd of those who link "home" and "dome," "skies" and "eyes," in a monotonous infinity of trite similes. Mr. *Punch's* advice\* may be also recommended:—

A triolet's scarcely the thing  
 Unless you would carol in fetters!  
 If lark-like you freely would sing  
 A triolet's scarcely the thing,  
 I miss the poetical ring  
 I'm told that it has by my betters!  
 A triolet's scarcely the thing  
 Unless you would carol in fetters.

Yet, this is the head and form of its offence of the triolet, and for the moment not one of its former champions will urge a single word in its defence. It is left forlorn on the track, like a Russian baby tossed to the wolves. Those who should protect it, sacrifice it to ensure the safety of the ballade, the *rondeau*, and the more matured relatives of its family.

The mechanical rules that must be observed to turn a perfectly fitted triolet are easily set forth; but the less-evident, yet no less stringent laws of its ordered method, those which govern its sense, and above all the poetic instinct that recognises a suitable thought to be expressed therein, and has the genius to say it readily, are not to be set down in any formula.

The triolet must be complete in eight lines. The two first must be identical with the two last lines, and the first line serve again for the fourth. The rhymes allowed are but two: 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, rhyming with the first sound, 2, 6, 8 to the second. The length of each line, and the rhythm of their measure, is purely a matter of taste, but it is evidently necessary that they should be in lyrical form, with corresponding long and short lines, or a verse of lines of equal length; whatever be the number of syllables they must run lightly with a tripping, dancing rhythm.

The special art of the triolet is to employ deftly this heavy burden of a thrice repeated and a twice repeated line, in the eight which are alone allowed. And these must be framed so as not to be only decorative in their frequent repetition, but actually to supply fresh comments upon the text.

In a half-forgotten novel, *Home Again*, Dr. George Macdonald has

\* *Punch*, p. 192, Oct. 22nd, 1887.

embodied such a graceful eulogy of the triolet, that it would be hard to improve upon its special pleading. He says :—

“Those old French ways of verse-making that have been coming into fashion of late. Surely they say a pretty thing more prettily for their quaint old-fashioned liberty! That TRIOLET—how deliciously impertinent it is! is it not? . . . The variety of dainty modes wherein by shape and sound a very pretty something is carved out of nothing at all. Their fantastic surprises, the ring of their bell-like returns upon themselves, their music of triangle and cymbal. In some of them poetry seems to approach the nearest possible to bird-song—to unconscious seeming through most unconscious art, imitating the carelessness and impromptu of forms as old as the existence of birds, and as new as every fresh individual joy in each new generation, growing their own features, and singing their own song, yet always the features of their kind, and the song of their kind.”

When one recalls the quality of Dr. Macdonald's own poetry, it will be owned that praise from one who has shown the true lyrical faculty in a marked degree, may well be held sufficient to atone for much of the half-hearted support and cynical lukewarmness of its erstwhile admirers. In the same novel he introduces a very charming example which he styles a serenade-triolet :—

“Why is the moon  
Awake when thou sleepest?  
To the nightingale's tune  
Why is the moon  
Making a noon  
When night is the deepest?  
Why is the moon  
Awake when thou sleepest?”

It is curious to note that in its earliest use the triolet was devoted to serious thoughts, and in the first English examples that have come to light, those by Patrick Carey, 1651, it is devoted to sacred subjects. His volume, entitled *Trivial Poems and Triolets*, “written in obedience to Mrs. Tomkin's commands,” in 1651, contains two or three that conform entirely to the rules of the verse. Here is one :—

“I'll seeke my God's law to fullfill,  
Riches and power I'le sett att nought;  
Lett others strive for them that will,  
I'le seeke my God's law to fullfill:  
Least sinfull pleasures my soule kill  
(By folleye's vayne delights first caught),  
I'le seeke my God's law to fullfill,  
Riches and power I'll sett at nought.”



This is quoted merely as evidence of the early use of the form in English. Among nineteenth-century poets Dr. Macdonald is almost alone in the employment of this verse for religious themes. Here is one from *Threefold Cord* (a volume published by Mr. W. Hughes, at 43, Beaufort Street, Chelsea, in 1883):—

“ I’m a puir man, I grant,  
     But I am weel neeboured ;  
 And nane shall me daunt,  
 Though a puir man, I grant,  
 For I shall not want—  
     The Lord is my Shepherd.  
 I’m a puir man, I grant,  
     But I am weel neeboured.”

In later French and English use the triolet has, with a few exceptions, been devoted entirely to the lightest of topics, in its serious efforts, little more than pretty trifling, and as its other extreme, descending to the depths of so-called comic poetry. But Mr. Swinburne has modified the form slightly and employed it for several long poems—the *Ode to a Sea-Mew* being a notable example—which are neither trivial nor flippant.

If space permitted, it would be interesting to trace the triolet from the *Cléomadés* of Adenez-le-Roi, in the early part of the thirteenth century. The whole history of the Provençal rhythms, and their occasional revivals, would afford interesting material for gossip ; but until Mr. Robert Bridges’s *Poems* (1873), it cannot be said to have gained a place in English verse. This book contained the first nineteenth-century triolet, which is by way of being a masterpiece of its kind :—

“ When first we met we did not guess  
     That Love could be so hard a master.  
 Of more than common friendliness  
 When first we met we did not guess.  
 Who could foresee this sore distress,  
     This irretrievable disaster ?  
 When first we met we did not guess  
     That Love could be so hard a master.”

But even now the place of the triolet is doubtful, and hardly assured enough to warrant a claim for its naturalisation. But, surely, at its best, it may deck a trifle, in a fanciful way that no other verse accom-

plishes. Like the old-world courtesies which in their stately and formal periods were at once airy badinage and stately etiquette as well, so the triolet, well-phrased, has a pleasant affectation of dignity, that is alien to the more flippant and brusque comic verse of to-day.

This little trio, by Mr. Samuel Mintern Peck, from his *Cap and Bells*, is an excellent example of the grouped triolet:—

## UNDER THE ROSE.

HE (*aside*).

“ If I should steal a little kiss,  
     Oh, would she weep, I wonder ?  
 I tremble at the thought of bliss,—  
 If I should steal a little kiss !  
 Such pouting lips would never miss  
     The dainty bit of plunder ;  
 If I should steal a little kiss,  
     Oh, would she weep, I wonder ?

SHE (*aside*).

“ He longs to steal a kiss of mine—  
     He may, if he'll return it :  
 If I can read the tender sign,  
 He longs to steal a kiss of mine ;  
 ‘ In love and war ’—you know the line,  
     Why cannot he discern it ?  
 He longs to steal a kiss of mine—  
     He may, if he'll return it.

BOTH (*five minutes later*).

“ A little kiss when no one sees,  
     Where is the impropriety ?  
 How sweet amid the birds and bees  
 A little kiss when no one sees !  
 Nor is it wrong, the world agrees,  
     If taken with sobriety.  
 A little kiss when no one sees,  
     Where is the impropriety ? ”

Yet the danger of monotony is far greater when a sequence is attempted, and the very few successful instances hardly weigh against the scores of failures.

Of its use by Daudet, De Banville, and other modern French poets, much might be said. Triolets some while since were as plentiful in French papers as jokes upon the New Woman are in English; and, for the most part, as devoid of novelty and the ingenious surprise that should distinguish a *jeu d'esprit*, whether it be a good story or a triolet.

But it is needless to quote examples of bad triolets; here are a few that may perhaps serve as models for any would-be imitator; although

a triolet is beyond (or beneath, if it better pleases you to scorn its trivial fancies) imitation. Yet, by way of proof that it need be neither nonsense or bad poetry, take these by M. C. Gillington published some time back in *The Woman's World*:—

## GUSTY WEATHER.

“When Amabel a-milking goes,  
All in a 'kerchief grey,  
If lightest wind but gently blows,  
When Amabel a-milking goes,  
The dainty, drifted folds disclose  
A bosom white as may,  
When Amabel a-milking goes,  
All in a 'kerchief grey.”

## AMABEL AT WORK.

Last evening when I passed the farm,  
Sweet Amabel was making butter;  
The cream splashed up her rounded arm  
Last evening when I passed. The farm  
In sunset light lay rosy warm;  
Two white hands moved like doves a-flutter,  
Last evening when I passed the farm,  
Sweet Amabel was making butter.

Or this, by R. Marriott-Watson, whose more serious poems and powerfully-wrought ballads, prove her to be a true poet who may at times employ this form with no lack of dignity. Side by side with this graceful lyric is an anonymous example of the triolet at its lightest:—

“The roses are dead,  
And swallows are flying.  
White, golden, and red,  
The roses are dead;  
Yet tenderly tread  
Where their petals are lying.  
The roses are dead,  
And swallows are flying.”

R. M.-W.

I'm devoted to Clare,  
But I wear Emma's locket!  
One is rich, one is fair—  
I'm devoted to Clare,  
One has gold in her hair,  
One has gold in her pocket.  
I'm devoted to Clare,  
But I wear Emma's locket.

ANON.

For those who are about to attempt this form, it is well to add a word of warning. The excellence of a good triolet will be more appreciated when you have yourself written a few hundred. Then the spontaneity of the verse, in spite of its being able to bear a strict analysis, and its evident justification of the frequent intrusion of its refrains, and the impossibility of a loss of so much as one line, without destruction of the poem, will be facts really grasped. In face of the difficulty of manufacturing one of first-rate quality, and the certainty that no merely passable triolet is worth publishing, it is best to make a resolve to abstain from showing people specimens, or sending them to magazines,



without their having suffered first a long quarantine in the seclusion of their author's desk. If, however, after lying by, they come out fresh, and are really able to withstand the most searching analysis, and you are quite sure that in your home-made example a valuable recruit awaits the great army of triolets, then, and then only, should you venture to inflict it upon editors or friends.

Otherwise, the evil state into which the poor little triolet has fallen will be augmented, or at least in no way assuaged, by this paper.

GLEESON WHITE.



L L E L U I A .

A S T U D Y .

T . C . G O T C H .











## HILDEGARDE.



WE walked beside the waters,  
We watched the fading day,  
We saw the white-sailed ships  
that winged  
Their course beyond the bay.  
Our hearts were far too full to speak  
With a joy that seemed to me  
To make harmonious music  
With the moaning of the sea.

Hildegarde, O Hildegarde,  
They stole my love away ;  
They said that she was resting,  
And only said me nay,  
When I called her in the garden  
Where she used to watch for me ;  
And alone I had to listen  
To the moaning of the sea.

She seemed to rest so long, so long ;  
I called and called again,  
But I only got one answer ;—  
That I could not see her then.  
I told it to the seagulls,  
For their crying seemed to me  
Quite in sympathy with sorrow  
And the moaning of the sea.



Hildegarde, O Hildegarde,  
At last they bade me there,  
And I brought the fairest lilies  
To deck the fairest fair :  
But alas, their whitest whiteness  
Seemed as nothing unto thee ;  
Whilst the open casement ushered in  
The moan ing of the sea.

They carried her away to hide  
My love beyond my reach ;  
They dug a yawning blackness  
Near the church above the beach ;  
They laid her where the waves now sing  
A soothing lullaby ;  
And I doubt not she must often hear  
The moaning of the sea.

Hildegarde, O Hildegarde,  
The dawn will break at last ;  
The darkest of night's shadows  
Will fade into the past.  
Yet still my heart is singing  
The only song for me,  
That in unison doth echo  
To the moaning of the sea.

J. B. H.



NE COUR, RUE DU  
PETIT SALUT, ROUEN.  
D. Y. CAMERON.







## CHORUS OF THE DEAD.

(From the Italian of Leopardi).



THOU in the world alone eternal, to whom recurreth  
Every created creature,  
In thee, O death, repositeth  
Our bare and naked nature,  
Glad, no, but secure  
From immemorial dole.  
Shades of profoundest night,  
In the embroiléd spright,  
The leaden thought obscure :  
For hope, as for desire, the arid soul  
Feels itself lack of breath and might :  
Thus, loosed at once from annoy and from affright,  
Sans weariness nor woe,  
It doth consume the ages void and slow.  
Ay, we lived once, and as of dreams malign  
Or grisly ghosts  
The devious memories through the suckling's brain  
Err in confuséd hosts,  
So in our sense remembrance doth remain  
Of our past living ; but without repine  
And all unclear. What were we ? Nay,  
What was that sorry moment of time's flight  
Y-clepéd life ? To-day  
A thing arcane, astonying, recondite  
Is life unto our thought and such, maybe,  
As to the thought of those who yet draw breath  
Death the unknown appears. Like as from death  
The living flee,  
So from the vital flame abhorred and dour  
Fleeth our naked spright,  
Glad, no, but secure ;  
For that to be elate  
Is to the living and the dead alike denied of fate.



YLLENE: A STUDY. FROM  
AN ETCHING BY G. P.  
JACOMB-HOOD, R.P.E.













# LOVE.

*Allegretto*

*p* I sought to know what Love is, I asked of high and

*Allegretto*

*pp* *p*

*Ped* *cresc* *Ped* *accelerando*

low They answered me that lov-ing was the on-ly way to know I loved & still am

*cresc* *dim* *accelerando*

*Ped* *p*

lov-ing, And shall love ev-er more, *dim. molto e rall.* *8va* And *8va* *p*

*tempo primo:* *Ped*

less I know what Love is. Than I seemed to know be-fore *pp*

*Ped*



FTERNOON TEA.

FRANK POTTER.







## A "RED-HAIRED" GIRL.



THE BIG BEN could be dimly heard striking five o'clock on a hot afternoon in June, as Ruth Ingleton slowly mounted the stairs of an old house in Albert Street, Bloomsbury, and unlocked a green door on the top floor with her latch-key. It opened on to a sunlit room in the front of the house, rather an untidy room with flowers in it and a table laid for tea; a smell of mignonette and methylated spirits was in the air, and a medley of children's voices and street music came in at the open windows. A girl was darning stockings on the window-seat, in an attitude that was more comfortable than picturesque, and she looked up and nodded cheerfully as Ruth walked wearily into the room.

"Oh, it's you," she said, in a voice that was the most attractive quality she displayed, for her features at first sight were ordinary, and her dress was strikingly rigid. Her remark was an obvious one, and Ruth did not trouble to answer it.

"Is there any tea?" she said instead, and she dropped a heap of canvases and other appendages on the sofa, already covered with a woman's characteristic miscellany; "and have you found the silver spoon?"

"Oh, no, and the other one's gone too now, but they'll turn up again all right," said her friend with more cheerfulness than the occasion seemed to demand. "Professor been round to-day?"

"It's very trying," said Ruth, pouring out some dark-coloured tea, "that one can't ask a friend to tea until the spoons do turn up again. It makes hospitality very difficult sometimes. I don't think much of this tea, Jenny; it's rather like sulphuric acid."

"It was all right half-an-hour ago," replied Jenny, calmly, "but who do you want to ask to tea? Have you made it up with Norman Wells?"

"I thought you knew," said Ruth, emphatically, "that I could never



make it up with Norman Wells. I shall never forgive him, never. What have you done with the sardines?"

Jenny sat up and looked anxiously round the room.

"Oh, there they are, on the piano," she said, resuming her occupation and her attitude. "By-the-way, someone came to see you to-day."

"Who?" cried Ruth, eagerly.

"I don't know, he didn't leave his name, but said he would call again, or something. He didn't seem quite sure what he did want; I believe I scared him rather, though I did my best to speak soothingly to him. He was a nice old boy, dressed like a sea-captain, with an enormous lot of blacking on his boots. I think he must have had blacking on his hat too. I had to open all the windows when he had gone. He wasn't half bad, though, except for the blacking."

"Thanks," said Ruth, "it was my father."

Jenny rolled up a pair of stockings, and whistled softly before she replied.

"I don't mean there was anything *wrong* about his clothes," she said, with elaborate composure, "they were not usual, that's all. But the shine on his hat was most magnificent. And he had new gloves, too, for I saw the paper on the buttons. Oh, he had undoubtedly taken pains with himself."

"Thanks," said Ruth, again, "you are awfully kind to approve of my father. I didn't know he would be here to-day. He has come to make me marry Norman Wells."

"Oh. Do you want to marry Norman Wells?"

"I wish you would pay attention, Jenny," said Ruth, crossly; "didn't I tell you I was never going to speak to Norman Wells again?"

"Then there isn't much use in your father travelling up from the north on purpose to hear that, is there?"

"I didn't tell him to come, did I? It is mother who says I am to be domesticated, and father has come to see that the right man undertakes the process. Domesticated! I shall never be half so domesticated when I am living in a big house with lots of servants, as I am now that I have to make my own bed, and mend my own clothes, and do all sorts of horrid household jobs. Shall I?"

Jenny happened to know something of the way the bed was made and

the clothes were mended, and she discreetly reserved her opinion on that side of the question.

"Who is going to supply the big house and the lots of servants?" was all she said.

"Norman Wells, according to father. He is successful, and wealthy, and desirable. That is all one's parents ever seem to care about. He has been writing to father already about it; that is why we had our final quarrel yesterday. I am never going to speak to him again, never. But I shall have to marry him all the same. I know I shall!"

"There won't be much conversation if you do, then," said Jenny, weakly. Ruth pushed away her plate, and came over to the window and leaned listlessly against the curtains. She had a discontented expression that spoiled the fine lines of her handsome face, and there was an irresolute curve in her lower lip that curiously contradicted the firmness of her chin.

"Ruth," said Jenny, suddenly, "you've seen him again, the other one!"

"What if I have?" said Ruth, with a deeper tinge on her dark face; "I can't help it, I must. Oh I know it is hopeless, so don't begin that weary argument again. Father would never countenance such a thing for a moment. But as long as I am free I belong to him, and no one can come between us—no one. There, don't bother, Jenny."

She pushed away the hand Jenny had placed on her arm, and sauntered across to the sofa, where she extracted a hat and some gloves from the *débris*.

"Going out again?" asked Jenny, with a show of unconcern. Ruth assented shortly, and left without revealing her destination. Jenny seemed more curious than hurt, however, for she was one of the few who make companionship a possibility, and she had long learnt that to live with Ruth one had merely to efface one's self until there was something disagreeable to be done. So she sang tunefully to herself, and leaned out of the window to watch the stately Ruth walk down the street with a springy step that spoke of country turf and heather, and she saw a man come round the corner and meet her with a lack of demonstration that suggested premeditation. She continued to watch them until a ring at

the electric bell brought her abruptly back into the room, where she hastily stowed away the stockings under the sofa, and managed to accentuate the disorder of the room by giving it a superficial tidying. Then she went to the door and threw it open, and gave an impulsive start when she found herself confronted by a man with a sallow face and a heavy black moustache.

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Wells? Do come in. Ruth is out, she *will* be sorry to have missed you. I wonder you didn't meet her. Yes, it is hot, isn't it? Won't you sit down?" she said, without giving him time to speak.

Norman Wells followed her in gravely, took the only chair that was not covered with drawing materials, and said he supposed it *was* hot, with the air of a man who has not thought the subject worthy of consideration before. Jenny thereupon lighted the spirit-lamp, bustled about until she found the tea-caddy, rather to her surprise, in the right place; and in about ten minutes produced some tolerable tea, which he swallowed at boiling-point. Then there was a pause, and conversation did not seem at a premium. Norman stared absently at his hostess, and Jenny finding it disconcerting, jumped up and began clearing the table with an impulse of domesticity that amused him.

"You don't mind if I wash up, do you?" she said briskly, and began putting all the tea-things into a fragile blue-and-white china bowl. Norman smiled, and said he had no objection whatever, which he felt was commonplace, though he did not know how to improve it. Jenny rolled up her sleeves above the elbow, and talked lightly upon various topics that did not interest him in the least, the picture galleries, last Saturday's "first-night," the flowers in the park. Norman assented as far as courtesy demanded, and wondered if she found him very dull. Apparently not; for she rattled on further, and told him some of the details of her life at the office, and thereby slightly upset his preconceived notions of women, though he began to grow interested in spite of himself, and Jenny again looked up to find his eyes fixed solemnly upon her.

"I hope you don't find me painfully occupied, do you?" she asked a little suddenly, by way of distracting his attention; "you see it saves ringing up the woman."

Norman felt grateful for anything that saved ringing up any more



women, and he said something to that effect. Jenny stopped wiping a cup, and looked at him curiously.

"Oh, to be sure," she said, nodding at him with a little smile, "I forgot. Of course, that is why you— I mean, why Ruth always— Oh, I understand."

"Would it be too much trouble to explain what you mean?" asked Norman politely.

Jenny laughed and tumbled some more plates into the water with a splash.

"Ruth is rather a long while, isn't she? Did she know you were coming?" she said evasively.

"Do you know where she is?" he asked, leaning forward on his stick, and frowning a little.

"I can guess," said Jenny lightly.

"Then would you have the goodness to—guess."

"Well," said Jenny, walking across the room with her hands full of china, "if you were on a red Kilburn 'bus at this very moment, I shouldn't wonder if you found Ruth there too. I beg your pardon?"

"Alone," repeated Norman with emphasis.

Jenny shrugged her shoulders.

"It's that puppy Hayter, I suppose," he muttered.

Jenny sang into the cupboard innocently.

"I—I really wish," began Norman irritably.

"Yes?" said Jenny, strolling back to the table.

"I'm afraid I must be going," said Norman, starting out of his chair as if in self-defence.

"Must you really? Well it *is* a good way to Kilburn, isn't it? Like to leave a message perhaps?" said Jenny, balancing herself on one foot and looking up smiling into his face. Norman stood irresolute for a moment and pulled at his moustache savagely.

"Upon my word," he exclaimed, "you're bent on being smart this afternoon, aren't you? I—I'd pay you out if—"

"If I presented sufficient compensations?" suggested Jenny as he paused, "I don't fancy you would though, for if I were as handsome as Ruth—"

"Well?" he said, catching at her hand as she turned away with an indifferent movement.

"I wouldn't be allowing you to talk nonsense to me like this," she said quickly. "What did you say the message was?"

He tried to pull her towards him, but she broke away from him, and evaded him cleverly by darting round the table, where she plunged her hands into the water again.

"Oh, I don't take that sort of message. Ruth doesn't like it," she said, and cracked a saucer.

Norman recovered himself, and bowed with a carelessness that was a trifle exaggerated.

"Then perhaps you would have the kindness to tell her I have arranged to meet her father here to-morrow at three, and I hope she will honour us with her company as soon after as possible. Thanks. Then I will say good-afternoon with the hope of settling our little difference another day."

"Oh, there's plenty of time for that, I daresay. And mind the door-mat," was all Jenny said, and her mirthful half-mocking laughter pursued him until he was out of hearing.

On a red omnibus, going towards Kilburn, as Jenny had divined, sat Maurice Hayter by the side of the dark handsome girl for whom domestication had been decreed by the ruling powers of her destiny. They sat very close together on the garden seat, with their hands clasped together under the convenient cover of the mackintosh apron; and they were feeling very sorry indeed for themselves, and very resentful of the fates that would not let them be happy in the way they chose.

"I suppose it is quite hopeless?" sighed Maurice.

"Quite," sighed Ruth in reply. "Father has a passion for success, and you are an unsuccessful actor, so of course that settles *you*. I am an unsuccessful artist and that equally settles *me*. *I* have got to be married, so that I may score a success in the household that I have missed in the workshop; and *you* have got to drop out of my life altogether. That is all. It is pretty gloomy for both of us. Oh, and I *don't* want to be married!"

"But you wouldn't mind so much, dearest, if it were to me, would you?" said Maurice, thinking she had settled him a little too conclusively.

"It wouldn't be so bad," Ruth allowed, grudgingly.

"I say, you're not very complimentary to a fellow, you're not really," complained the unsuccessful actor.

“ You’re not at all considerate to me, and it’s not half so bad for you as it is for me,” protested the unsuccessful artist with tears in her voice.

They sulked pleasurably for a few moments, but the time was too short and the surroundings were too disquieting for their quarrel to assume picturesque proportions : and their hands soon sought one another again under the mackintosh apron.

“ Why should I have such infernal luck ? ” cried Maurice, fiercely ; “ why should that Australian mining fellow barge in and carry you off while I have to go to the wall just because I happen to be artistic ? Why should he ? ”

Maurice Hayter was a much oppressed young man who always considered himself the victim of circumstance, but managed to have a very good time notwithstanding.

“ The Australian mining fellow, as you call him, has been more successful with his pickaxe than you have been on the boards. That is why,” replied Ruth, sorrowfully.

Maurice became dramatic.

“ Why should such things be ? How can the gods look down and smile when we poor devils are suffering for the mess they have made of things ? Is there no justice, nothing to palliate the awful unfairness of it all ? ”

The omnibus driver looked over his shoulder and winked at the nearest passenger. He had heard that sort of sentiment before, and it reminded him of happy Bank Holidays when he took his old woman to the play and they sat through four solid acts of melodrama.

“ There is no justice anywhere,” murmured Ruth, unconsciously making the reply the driver expected.

“ It’s a howling shame, that’s what it is,” grumbled Maurice, relapsing into commonplace but forcible language ; and as it came on to rain soon after, they got down and hailed a homeward vehicle and completed their journey inside it, where conversation was impracticable and the company not inspiring.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ How dare he ? ” gasped Jennie Hobson, as she opened one of her letters at breakfast-time.

“ Is anything wrong ? ” asked Ruth, absently.



"Nothing much," answered Jenny with admirable self-possession, as she occupied herself with the coffee-pot and crushed the letter into her pocket. For it was from Norman Wells, saying that he should fetch her from the office at one o'clock that day and take her out to lunch with him. Her first impulse was to leave it unanswered, but a sudden inspiration made her change her mind.

"Oh," she exclaimed, gleefully.

"Whatever has happened to you this morning, Jenny? I wish you wouldn't break out into hieroglyphics," said Ruth, who was in a bad temper.

Jenny apologised, and went straight to the writing-table where she wrote two notes in feverish haste. One was to Norman, and contained an acceptance of his invitation; the other was to Maurice Hayter, and ran as follows:—

"There is a chance for you. Mr. Ingleton will be here, and alone, at three to-day. He expects Mr. Wells but I will keep him out of the way. So come and have a good try for the dear girl. For Ruth's sake!—Jenny Hobson."

Then she put on her best hat and went out to despatch her letters by special messenger on her way to the office.

Norman was in a peculiarly affable frame of mind when he fetched her at one o'clock from the firm in Cockspur Street. His boast, that he had always shunned women in his onward path to prosperity, was truer than most people suspected; and when he came to England and began his search for a wife, he did so with a commonplace ideal in his mind of a woman who should merely be lovable, presentable, and wealthy. It had never occurred to him that there was a type of woman who was attractive without being beautiful, whose wit compensated for her lack of accomplishments, and who drew men towards her by the very qualities that seemed at first to repel them. Jenny Hobson was a complete revelation to him; she had begun by piquing him, and she had ended in interesting him as well. He hardly knew why he asked her to lunch with him, except that he vaguely wished to pay her out for fascinating him; and his feelings were of a mingled nature when she consented to come.

It was about half-past one when they entered a quiet restaurant in the

neighbourhood of Soho, and passed into the inner room where people were fewer and the waiters more attentive.

"I wonder what made you come," he said, eating an olive with the critical dissatisfaction of the man who has travelled.

"A desire for experience, perhaps," replied Jenny, carelessly.

"I hope I shall not disappoint you then," was his inevitable comment.

"You never do," she laughed gaily.

Here the waiter appeared with the soup.

"Do you often lunch out with fellows?" he asked presently.

"Whenever I can."

"Always for the same reason?"

"Oh no; that is only when the fellows are interesting. When they are merely usual I lunch with them because I am hungry. It's not a bad reason—for lunch."

"I should like to make you serious for once," he said, frowning a little.

"No, you wouldn't. Men hate women to be serious, they like them to be unsuspicious and sportive. When we get serious they know we are beginning to find them out."

"Then you have never found me out?"

"I have never taken you seriously, that's all. Besides, that will have to be Ruth's occupation, not mine," said Jenny indifferently.

Norman glanced at the clock. It was past two.

"Ruth would never find me out," he said involuntarily, and he was startled at his own tone of dissatisfaction.

"Isn't that all the better for you—and Ruth?"

He filled her glass and did not assent to her last remark.

"I fancy you found me out the first time I met you," he said, looking at her searchingly.

"The time you came and pretended you wanted to buy one of Ruth's sketches? Oh, that wasn't difficult."

"I am trying to recall my first impression of you," said Norman presently, as he spiked the green peas that were scattered over his cutlet.

"Oh, don't trouble! I can do that for you. You wondered who the red-haired girl was who would stop in the room all the time. And you liked the red hair, but you shuddered at the blue serge dress. Her manners annoyed you too, and you wished she would not spoil the con-

versation by making truthful inroads into it. And you would have put her down as an art-student, if it had not been for the blue serge dress. Now, isn't that right?"

It was, perfectly, but Norman Wells disowned the whole description.

"I thought you were charming," he protested.

"That is so vague."

"I confess you baffled me at first."

"And now?"

"Now you captivate me," he said quickly. The other people had gradually dispersed, and they were left alone in the inner room. The clock pointed to three o'clock. Norman laid his hand on the cloth, close to where hers was playing with the bread crumbs.

"Shall I tell you what I think of you now?" he went on in a low tone. Jenny shrugged her shoulders, and he moved his hand a little nearer hers, and spoke in a hurried nervous whisper. "I think you are a maddening witch-like mystery. You draw me towards you with the spell of your beautiful voice and you perplex me with your bitterness directly afterwards. You weave a web all round me, and then you break its coils with one of your exasperating laughs. You are a creature who would destroy a man's peace of mind and make him wish he had never met you. When I am with you I have a feeling I must get away from you at any cost, and when you are no longer near me I go mad until I can see you again. Now laugh away, as much as you like."

Jenny did not laugh. She kept her eyes on his hand as it crept along the cloth until his fingers were on hers, and she made an effort to answer him with composure.

"It is past three, Mr. Wells."

"What is that to either of us?" he said, angrily.

"Oh, it is nothing to me! But Mr. Ingleton——"

"Mr. Ingleton be hanged—excuse me, but what I wanted to say was——"

"Couldn't you find some occupation for the waiter who is watching us in the glass?" interrupted Jenny calmly.

Norman drew away his hand hastily, and ordered two coffees in the most ordinary voice he could command.

"It is no use your pretending not to care," he said, leaning forward



again, and trying to arrest her gaze, "you think you can go on for ever playing your woman's game of bewitching me and mocking me to madness, but you are mistaken, and by heaven! you don't leave this place to-day until I have forced you to hate me or love me as passionately as I love you! It shall hurt you as much as it has hurt me. That is what I meant by my revenge. Now which is it to be?"

"Shall we have the coffee first?" suggested Jenny in a humble tone, and Norman drew back with a muttered imprecation as the waiter passed a cup between them.

"Well?" he said, as soon as they were alone again.

"Have I got to say something?" she asked, playing with her spoon, but the words were hardly out of her mouth before she felt both her hands crushed in his, and his warm breath fluttering the hair on her temples.

"Jenny, you little impish sprite, you *shall* be serious. It is now or never, I warn you. Do you want me to go or stay?"

"I would sooner you settled up with that waiter first. Oh, don't! You—you hurt."

"Did you come to lunch with me only to see how much you could torment me? Did you, Jenny?"

Jenny tossed back her head with an angry flush on her cheeks.

"No! I came to try and make you late for your appointment, so that Ruth—at least, so that Maurice Hayter could—could see Mr. Ingleton first and——"

He opened his hands lifelessly and let hers slip on to the table, and she began slowly putting on her gloves.

"Now you know the worst of me. Shall we go?"

They parted outside the door and Jenny went home with a lump in her throat and a pathetic little smile on the face that was paler than usual. As she clambered up the steep stairs of the house in Albert Street, she met Maurice Hayter coming jauntily down, two steps at a time.

"Hullo, is it you? I say, you're a thousand bricks! We've pulled it off beautifully; the old chap took it like a lamb, hardly raised an objection when we both piled it on at once. It was my mother's family that did it really, only Ruth declares it was because she cried at the right moment. But it's all settled now, and I'm going to give up acting and take to farming. What do you think of that, eh?"

Jenny said she thought it was a speedier way of losing money than acting, and added a hope that Ruth had made the tea.

"Oh yes, any amount. Expect you're rather played if you've been with that Australian Johnny all this while. How did you manage it? Awfully stale, wasn't it?"

"On the contrary, it was most original," said Jenny, and passed on her way smiling.

Norman Wells had gone home to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and he told himself emphatically that he had been tricked by a woman who was a very fair specimen of her kind, and that no woman should ever have the opportunity of playing upon his innocence again. For three days he sulked and thought bitterly of the sex whose only object in life was to deceive unsuspecting man; and for three days more he tried to forget what had happened in using the introductions into society that he had received from his Australian friends. And at first it seemed as though intercourse with many people were to obliterate the smart of the injury he had received, but the reaction did not last long, and the solitude of his chambers almost invariably called up a tantalising mocking picture of the pathetic little face in its frame of rich red hair. Twice he started in the direction of Cockspur Street, and desisted, calling himself a fool. But circumstance was stronger than he was, and one morning, when he was strolling aimlessly along Holborn, he met her. She was coming straight towards him, but she did not see him in the least; the brilliant sunshine had given her a tinge of colour, and Norman wondered how he had ever thought her plain. He placed himself in her path, and she came to a standstill with a sudden cry. Norman tried to show a composure he did not feel. The old spell was on him again at the sight of her face and the sound of her voice, and he forgot all the cynical things she had made him say about her, and all the hard resolutions she had caused him to make.

"On your way to the office?" he asked, raising his hat.

She laughed, pointing to the closed shops and deserted streets. It was true; he had forgotten it was Whit Monday.

"No, I had to come out because it was so fine, that's all. And I am so lonely now Ruth has gone home. I was thinking of going into Gray's Inn. Will you come too?"

They turned out of the glare and made their way to a bench under the

trees. It was too early for the tired holiday-makers to have sought its seclusion, and they found themselves quite alone. Jenny entirely ignored the way they had last parted and began a casual sort of conversation. But Norman had the sound of her startled cry and the look on her face to make him bold, and he possessed himself suddenly of her hand and looked into her face.

"Well?" he said, surprised at his own courage.

"What do you mean?" she cried, with a sob in her voice; "isn't it time you stopped teasing me just because I am all alone and cannot prevent you? I wonder you—you care to, after the way I led you on the other day. Yes, I did lead you on, I meant to! Why doesn't that make you go?"

"I don't know," he said truthfully, "any more than I know how you were able to do it so naturally that I was taken in by it. Are you nothing but an actress, Jenny, after all, with your tragic little face and your wonderful hair?"

"Do you know, Jenny, how you have been haunting me all these days? Won't you tell me that it was nothing but acting the other day? Won't you say there was just no truth in it at all?"

"I was keeping you from your appointment," said Jenny, obstinately.

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing more."

Norman had learnt more of the subtle nature of woman in the solitude of his chambers during the past month than the whole of his career had been able to teach him before, and her admission merely made him bolder. He turned her face gently round with his hand and made her look up at him.

"And you didn't enjoy keeping me at all, did you?" he asked quietly, with a smile lurking under the heavy black moustache.

That day, Norman Wells again lunched in the quiet restaurant in the neighbourhood of Soho. The waiter had rather less occupation than before, though the lunch lasted quite two hours; but this time, his investigations in the glass, though evidently of an interesting nature, were allowed to go on undisturbed. For Norman's companion was again the red-haired little girl with the pathetic face and the blue serge frock.

EVELYN SHARP.





H Y L L I S.

HARRING-

TON MANN.



IN PETTICOAT OF GREEN,  
HER HAIR ABOUT HER EYNE  
PHILLIS BENEATH AN OAK  
SAT MILKING HER FAIR FLOCK:  
AMONG THAT STRAINED MOISTURE,  
RARE DELIGHT!  
HER HAND SEEM'D MILK IN MILK,  
IT WAS SO WHITE.





## DER ERLKÖNIG.

WER reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?  
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;

Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,  
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

“Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?”—

“Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?  
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron’ und Schweif?”

“Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.”

“Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!

Gar schöne Spiele spiel’ ich mit dir;  
Manch’ bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand;  
Meine Mutter hat manch’ gülden Gewand.”—

“Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,  
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?”

“Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;  
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.”—

“Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?  
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;  
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn  
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.

“Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort  
Erlkönigs Töchter am düsteren Ort?”—

“Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh’ es genau,  
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.”—

“Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;  
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch’ ich Gewalt.”—

“Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an!  
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leid’s gethan!”—

Dem Vater grauset’s, er reitet geschwind,  
Er hält in den Armen das ächzende Kind;  
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Noth;  
In seinen Armen das Kind war todt.

GÖTTE.



ILLUSTRATION  
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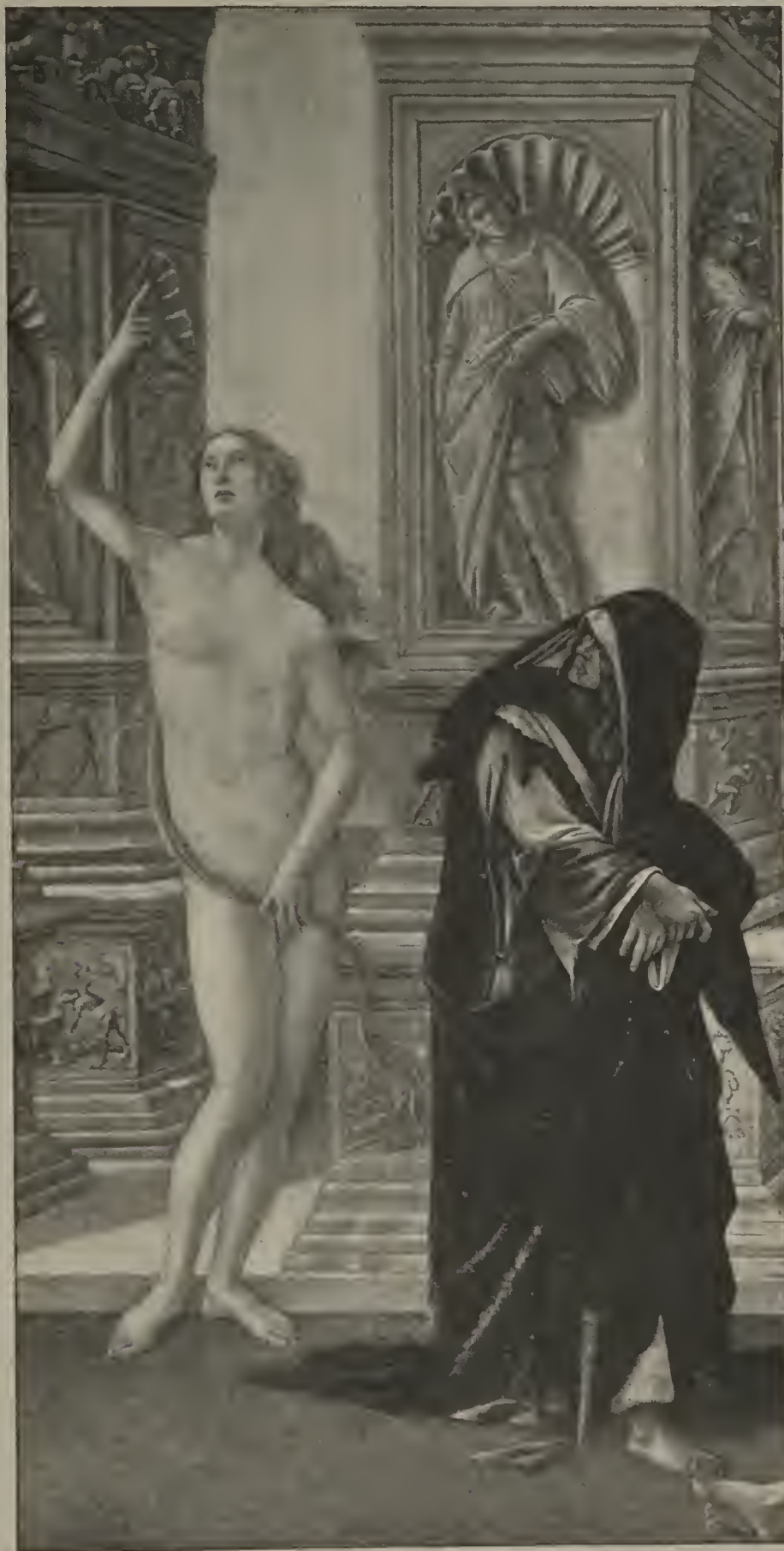






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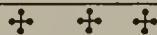
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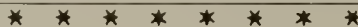
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